

THE SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

In Conflict: Summary and Conclusion

By HILAIRE BELLOC

A Housing Problem

By ENID DINNIS

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

The Cockade

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

Can I Marry Him?

By ADRIAN LYNCH

These Two Are One

By JEROME HARTE BOSMAN

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Rev. Harold Purcell, C.P.
Editor

Rev. Adrian Lynch, C.P.
Associate Editor

Rev. Silvan Latour, C.P.
Mission Procurator

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August and Volume Eleven



WITH the August issue we begin the eleventh volume of THE SIGN. From its inception, our one ambition has been to improve both its physical make-up and its intellectual content. The tenth volume has undoubtedly been the best published. Perhaps the most striking witness to this is the fact that several serials in it will shortly appear in book form. These are: "The Catholic Church in Conflict," by Hilaire Belloc; "Under His Shadow," the articles on the Sacred Passion, by Father Francis Shea, C.P.; Fra Giovanni's "List of Dates"; "Give This Man Place"—the best thing on St. Joseph that has appeared in English—by Rev. Dr. Hugh F. Blunt; and John Gibbons' "My Card-Index on the Loose." Later on Daniel B. Pulsford's remarkable studies of the Characters of Passion will appear in permanent form.

In the August number two new series will begin. The first is a "Gallery of Portraits" by Hilaire Belloc. It consists of character studies of the twelve leading personages of the English Reformation. It may be said that no historian has a more intimate knowledge of the Reformation than Mr. Belloc, and his trenchant style is a guarantee of the pleasure that his studies will afford. The other series will be by Father Adrian Lynch, C.P., Associate Editor. It will treat of the "Canon Law of Marriage." The subject is timely and will be of special interest to that large portion of our readers who follow so closely the Questions and Answers in THE SIGN POST.

The regular departments will be continued with special emphasis on our mission section—the Passionists in China. New writers will appear, and stories, articles and poems may be expected from such distinguished authors as G. K. Chesterton, Enid Dinnis, Gabriel Francis Powers, John Gibbons, J. Corson Miller, Denis A. McCarthy, E. Vincent Wareing, Frank A. Spearman, Mary E. McGill, Stanley B. James, and others.

To continue improving THE SIGN we need the continued co-operation of our subscribers. May we ask for it? In these days of depression magazine publishing has suffered more perhaps than any other industry. We assuredly need our subscribers' help and we are counting on it.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Current Fact and Comment

After Forty Years

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The great Labor Encyclical (*Quadragesimo Anno*) of Pius XI has been given an unusually wide publicity, but unfortunately the letter is so long that comparatively few will read it through. We have, therefore, thought it well to give a summary of it and such extracts as illustrate the attitude of the Church on the Labor Question. A beautifully printed copy of the Encyclical may be had from the Barry Vail Corporation, 19 Union Square, New York, for 10 cents.

Quadragesimo Anno is made up of an introduction and three sections. The introduction tells of the occasion of the letter—the fortieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*, the outstanding Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on the Condition of Labor. The body of the letter is developed thus:

FIRST SECTION.—The Benefits that have flowed from *Rerum Novarum*:

- (1) What the Church has done.
 - (2) What the civil power has done.
 - (3) What those interested have done.
- (Conclusion) *Rerum Novarum*, the Magna Charta of Social Order.

SECOND SECTION.—The Authority of the Church in social and economic affairs. Catholic Social Doctrine:

- (1) The right of property: (a) Its individual and social character; (b) Obligations of ownership; (c) Rights of the State.
- (2) Capital and Labor: (a) Need of both; (b) Abuses of both; (c) Principle of right regulation.
- (3) The Proletariat and its liberation.
- (4) The Just Wage.
- (5) The Social Order that should be established.

THIRD SECTION.—Changes Since Pope Leo's days:

- (1) The change in economics: (a) Combined power succeeds free competition; (b) Evil consequences; (c) Remedies.
- (2) The change in Socialism. Division into Communism and milder Socialism. Is a middle way possible? Catholicism and Socialism opposed.
- (3) Remedies: (a) Application of Christian principles to economic life; (b) The law of Charity; (c) Method of action.

Authority of the Church in Social and Economic Spheres

WE lay down the principle long since clearly established by Leo XIII that it is our right and our duty to deal authoritatively with social and economic problems. It is not, of course, the office of the Church to lead men to transient and perishable happiness only, but to that which is eternal indeed, "the Church believes that it would be wrong for her to interfere without just cause in such earthly concerns.

But she never can relinquish her God-given task of interposing her authority, not, indeed, in technical matters, for which she has neither the equipment nor the mission, but in all those that have a bearing on moral conduct. For the deposit of truth entrusted to us by God, and our weighty office of propagating,

interpreting and urging in season and out of season the entire moral law, demand that both social and economic questions be brought within our supreme jurisdiction, in so far as they refer to moral issues.

For though economic science and moral discipline are guided each by its own principles in its own sphere, it is false that the two orders are so distinct and alien that the former in no way depends on the latter. The so-called laws of economics, derived from the nature of earthly goods and from the qualities of the human body and soul, determine what aims are unattainable or attainable in economic matters, and by what means are thereby necessary; while reason itself clearly deduces, from the nature of things and from the individual and social character of man, what is the end and object of the whole economic order assigned by God the Creator.

For it is the moral law alone which commands us

to seek in all our conduct our supreme and final end and to strive directly in our specific actions for those ends which nature, or rather the author of nature, has established for them, duly subordinating the particular to the general. If this law be faithfully obeyed, the result will be that particular economic aims, whether of society as a body or of individuals, will be intimately linked with the universal theological order, and as a consequence we shall be led by progressive stages to the final end of all, God himself, our highest and lasting good.

Individual and Social Character of Property

FIRST, let it be made clear beyond all doubt that neither Leo XIII, nor those theologians who have taught under the guidance and direction of the Church, have ever denied or called in question the two-fold aspect of ownership, which is individual or social accordingly as it regards individuals or concerns the common good.

Their unanimous contention has always been that the right to own private property has been given to man by nature, or rather by the Creator himself, not only in order that individuals may be able to provide for their own needs and those of their families, but also that, by means of it, the goods which the Creator has destined for the human race may truly serve this purpose. Now these ends cannot be secured unless some definite and stable order is maintained.

There is, therefore, a double danger to be avoided. On the one hand, if the social and public aspect of ownership be denied or minimized, the logical consequence is "individualism" as it is called. On the other hand, the rejection of diminution of its private and individual character necessarily leads to some form of "collectivism." To disregard these dangers would be to rush headlong into the quicksands of modernism with moral, juridical and social order, which we condemned in the encyclical letter issued at the beginning of our pontificate.

Obligations of Ownership

THAT we may keep within bounds the controversies which have arisen concerning ownership and the duties attaching to it, we reassert in the first place the fundamental principle, laid down by Leo XIII, that the right of property must be distinguished from its use. It belongs to what is called commutative justice, faithfully to respect the possessions of others, not encroaching on the rights of another and thus exceeding the rights of ownership.

The putting of one's own possessions to proper use, however, does not fall under this form of justice, but under certain other virtues, and therefore, it is "a duty not enforced by courts of justice." Hence, it is untrue to contend that the right of ownership and its proper use are bounded by the same limits; and it is even less true that the very misuse or even the non-use of ownership destroys or forfeits the right itself.

Most helpful, therefore, worthy of all praise, are the efforts of those who, in a spirit of harmony and with due regard for the traditions of the Church, seek to determine the precise nature of these duties and to define the boundaries imposed by the requirements of social life upon the right of ownership itself

or upon its use. On the contrary, it is a grievous error so to weaken the individual character of ownership as actually to destroy it.

Power of the State

IT follows from the twofold character of ownership, which we have termed individual and social, that men must take into account in this matter not only their own advantage but also the common good.

To define in detail these duties, when the need occurs and when the natural law does not do so, is the function of the government. Provided that the natural and divine law be observed, the public authority, in view of the common good, may specify more accurately what is licit and what is illicit for property owners in the use of their possessions. Moreover, Leo XIII had wisely taught that "the defining of private possession has been left by God to man's own industry and to the laws of individual peoples."

History proves that the right of ownership, like other elements of social life, is not absolutely rigid, and this doctrine we ourselves have given utterance to on a previous occasion in the following terms:

"How varied are the forms which the right of property has assumed! First the primitive form in use among rude and savage peoples, which still exists in certain localities even in our own day; then that of the patriarchal age; later came various tyrannical types (we use the word in its classical meaning); finally the feudal and monarchic systems down to the varieties of more recent times. It is plain, however, that the State may not discharge this duty in an arbitrary manner. Man's natural right of possession and transmitting property by inheritance must remain intact and cannot be taken away by the State; for man the domestic household is antecedent, as well in idea as in fact, to the gathering of men into a community."

Obligations of Superfluous Income

AT the same time a man's superfluous income is not left entirely to his own discretion. We speak of that portion of his income which he does not need in order to live as becomes his station. On the contrary, the grave obligations of charity, beneficence and liberality which rest upon the wealthy are constantly insisted upon in telling words by Holy Scripture and the Fathers of the Church.

However, the investment of superfluous income in searching favorable opportunities for employment, provided the labor employed produces results which are really useful, is to be considered, according to the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, an act of real liberality, particularly appropriate to the needs of our time.

Titles in Acquiring Ownership

THE original acquisition of property takes place by first occupation and by industry or, as it is called, specification. This is the universal teaching of tradition and the doctrine of our predecessor, despite unreasonable assertions to the contrary, and no wrong is done to any man by the occupation of goods, unclaimed and which belong to nobody. The only form of labor, however, which gives the work-

ingman a title to its fruits, is that which a man exercises as his own master, and by which some new form or new value is produced.

Capital and Labor

ALTOGETHER different is the labor one man hires out to another, and which is expended on the property of another. To it apply appositely the words of Leo XIII, "It is only by the labor of workingmen that States grow rich." Is it not, indeed, apparent that the huge possessions which constitute human wealth are begotten by and flow from the hands of the workingman, toiling either unaided or with the assistance of tools and machinery which wonderfully intensify his efficiency? Universal experience teaches us that no nation has ever yet risen from want and poverty to a better and loftier station without the unremitting toil of all its citizens, both employers and employed. But it is no less self-evident that these ceaseless labors would have remained ineffective, indeed, could never have been attempted had not God, the creator of all things, in His goodness bestowed in the first instance the wealth and resources of nature, its treasures and its powers. For what else is work but the application of one's forces of soul and body to these gifts of nature for the development of one's powers by their means? Now the natural law, or rather, God's will manifested by it, demands that right order be observed in the application of natural resources to human needs, and this order consists in everything having its proper owner. Hence, it follows that unless a man apply his labor to his own property, an alliance must be formed between his toil and his neighbor's property, for each is helpless without the other.

This was what Leo XIII had in mind when he wrote, "Capital can not do without labor, nor labor without capital."

Unjust Claims of Capital and Labor

CAPITAL, however, was long able to appropriate to itself excessive advantages; it claimed all the products and profits, and left to the laborer the barest minimum necessary to repair his strength and to insure the continuation of his class. For by an inexorable economic law, it was held, all accumulation of riches must fall to the share of the wealthy, while the workingman must remain perpetually indigent or reduced to the minimum needed for existence.

It is true that the actual state of things was not always and everywhere as deplorable as the liberalistic tenets of the so-called Manchester school might lead us to conclude; but it cannot be denied that a steady drift of economic and social tendencies was in this direction. These false opinions and specious axioms were vehemently attacked, as was to be expected, and by others also than merely those whom such principles deprived of their innate right to better their condition.

The cause of the harassed workingman was espoused by the "Intellectuals" as they are called, who set up in opposition to this fictitious law another equally false moral principle: that all products and profits, excepting those required to repair and replace

invested capital belong by every right to the workingman. This error more subtle than that of the Socialists, who hold that all means of production should be transferred to the State, or, as they term it, "socialized," is for that reason more dangerous and apt to deceive the unwary. It is an alluring poison, consumed with avidity by many not deceived by open socialism.

Principle of Just Distribution

TO prevent erroneous doctrines of this kind from blocking the path of justice and peace, the advocates of these opinions should have harkened to the wise words of our predecessor, "The earth, even though apportioned amongst private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all.

Now, not every kind of distribution of wealth and property amongst men is such that it can at all, and still less can adequately attain the end intended by God. Wealth, therefore, which is constantly being augmented by social and economic progress, must be so distributed amongst the various individuals and classes of society that the common good of all, of which Leo XIII spoke, be thereby promoted. In other words, the good of the whole community must be safeguarded by these principles of social justice. One class is forbidden to exclude the other from a share in the profits. This sacred law is violated by an irresponsible wealthy class who, in the excess of good fortune deem it a just state of things that they should receive everything and the laborer nothing; it is violated also by a propertyless wage-earning class who demand for themselves all the fruits of production as being the work of their hands.

Each class, then, must receive its due share, and the distribution of created goods must be brought into conformity with the demands of the common good and social justice.

The Uplifting of the Proletariat

THIS is the aim which our predecessor urged as the necessary object of our efforts: the uplifting of the proletariat. It calls for more emphatic assertion and more insistent repetition on the present occasion, because these salutary injunctions of the Pontiff have not infrequently been forgotten, deliberately ignored, or deemed impracticable, though they were both feasible and imperative. They have lost none of their force or wisdom for our own age, even though the horrible "pauperism" of the days of Leo XIII is less prevalent today. The condition of the workingman has indeed been improved and rendered more equitable in many respects, particularly in the larger and more civilized States, where the laboring class can no longer be said to be universally in misery and want.

It is true that there is a formal difference between pauperism and proletarianism; nevertheless, the immense number of propertyless wage-earners on the one hand, and the superabundant riches of the fortunate few on the other, is an unanswerable argument that the earthly goods so abundantly produced in this age of industrialism are far from rightly distributed and equitably shared among the various classes of men.

CATEGORICA: *On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation*

Edited by N. M. LAW

I WILL REMEMBER RAHAB

THE story of Rahab has inspired the poetic fancy of Sister M. Madeleva, who contributes the following lines under the above title to *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The Scriptural reference is to Josue 2:4.

Rahab was a harlot and lived in Jericho;
Neither was respectable. That was years ago.

She had no scented virtues; she told easy lies;
Her practice was flagrant. Once two spies

Came to her door, their lives at stake;
She took and hid them for the Lord God's sake.

They left her house; they left the town;
The next thing she knew the walls fell down.

She hung a scarlet cord from her window ledge;
It was her sign; it was their pledge.

She heard the trumpets; she heard the shout
Of people in tumult, of city in rout.

The men and the women, the young and the old
Were killed by the sword, so I am told;

But her father and her mother knew no ill
Because of the cord at Rahab's window sill.

I remember Rahab to this day,
And I honor her womanhood for all you say.

It called for mercy and it called for pluck;
You wouldn't think a harlot would have such luck.

THE "A. P. E. A. C. CHURCH"

OUR Protestant Episcopal brethren are frequently involved over the correct name of their church. Reginald B. Henry, writing to *The Living Church*, suggests a new title to suit all tastes:

In view of the present discussion of the origin and suitability of the name Protestant Episcopal as the official designation of the Church in America it might be well to give thought to the matter of finding a more appropriate name. The name of the Russian Church, the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church, has much to recommend it by way of example. It is a coupling of the name of the particular national Church with that of the Catholic communion of which it is a daughter. Similarly we might have the American Episcopal Anglican Catholic Church. The short name would be simply the American Episcopal Church, and we would still be known as "Episcopalians," but the full or long name would show us as a national Church of the Anglican communion, and the claim to be Catholic, which we make in the creeds, would definitely appear in the official name of the Church. If, however, the word "Protestant" is too greatly valued to be dropped we might adopt the title American Protestant Episcopal Anglican Catholic Church, remembering that "Protestant Episcopal" alone is not distinctive, this designation being also claimed by the Church of Ireland and by the Moravian Church, or Unitas Fratrum.

PRESBYTERIAN PITTSBURGH

THE strength of the Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh is vouched for with enthusiasm by a writer in *The Christian Century*. It is a source of joy that the relations between the Presbyterian Church and the Roman Catholic are harmonious.

John Knox prayed, "Oh God, give me Scotland or I die." God not only gave him Scotland, but threw in Pittsburgh for good measure. Today, there are more Presbyterians in Pittsburgh than in Edinburgh. Princeton receives more Presbyterian students from the steel city than from any other similar area. There are so many Presbyterian churches in Pittsburgh that everyone has lost count. And when you ask any person to what church he belongs, the reply is, in seven cases out of ten, "I belong to the Presbyterian church"—and this with a proud toss of the head. One of our local wits refers to the Presbyterian denomination in Allegheny county as the "state church." The Presbyterians have their own seminary, the Western theological seminary, of which Dr. James L. Kelso is the president. They have their own hospital.

Dr. James Snowden, editor of the *Presbyterian Banner*, becomes eloquent when he thinks of the power of Presbyterianism in Pittsburgh, and writes as follows: "Pittsburgh has been declared to be dominated by John Calvin, but those that have made and exploited this charge did not know that this is really a crown of honor. John Calvin stood tall and strong enough in the 16th century as the brain of the reformation and the democratic genius of Geneva and the father of our modern common schools to fling his shadow across the sea and cast some portion of it upon Pittsburgh; and it is not a shadow of gloom but one of intellectualism and logic and light in religion, education and civil government. However, Pittsburgh is not in any degree hide-bound by Calvin, but has developed its own religious life and institutions. Because of its Scotch-Irish ancestry and traditions of which it may well be proud, it is dominantly Presbyterian while appreciating and living in harmonious cooperation and fellowship with all other Christian communions, including the Roman Catholic. Presbyterianism is intertwined with its roots and has flowered into churches and educational institutions and moral character that are also justly the pride of Presbyterians while not insensible to their failures and faults."

LONG STORIES

THIS is the season of long stories. A few samples are given by *The New York Times Magazine*.

A recent tale from Georgia, according to which a sportsman caught a catfish with a slippery eel knotted between its gills, has opened the season of tall stories. Whoever gets a license to cast a fly or bait a hook also gets a license to draw the long bow.

But the stories that are broadcast do not all deal with fish; man generously includes other members of the animal kingdom in his world of fantasy. From Georgia also, for instance, there came last Spring the report that Lee County had produced a Rhode Island Red chicken with four legs, able to walk forward or backward at will, and a lizard with two tails. In a neighboring State, South Carolina, some confiscated whiskey was poured into a river and the fish voraciously seized all the baited hooks that local fishermen could supply.

North of the Mason-Dixon line the little town of Winsted, Conn., has been gaining for itself a reputation of being either the habitat of the oddest birds, beasts and fishes, or of the most imaginative Baron Munchausens, that this part of the country can produce. Some time ago a hunter of this town reported to have shot a fox which had a dead porcupine in its mouth. But the fox was already dead when shot. The spines of the porcupine had killed it. And the porcupine, it was later found, had been a pet which earned its keep by carrying fruit on its back from its owner's orchard to the cider mill. Furthermore, both animals were intoxicated when the double tragedy occurred; the porcupine on hard cider, the fox on mash.

In New Jersey a lying contest was held between veteran fishermen. The prize-winning story involved a pint of moonshine spilled in the dirt. Worms were dug from this dirt and used as bait; when they were thrown into the river they seized the fish by the neck and dragged them out.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW

AN insolvent bookseller of Budapest was able to keep going by the use of a clever ruse. This account is taken from the *Times* of Japan—of all places!

All Hungary is laughing at the story revealed in the Budapest Central Criminal Court of how a flash of genius enabled an old Budapest bookseller to save himself from bankruptcy.

Leopold Bichl, a respected Hungarian seller of second-hand books, a Dickensian figure in his little black skull cap, is head of a shop which his family has owned for over 100 years. It is his proud boast that despite the hundreds of thousands of books passing through his hands he has never sold one without reading it. Recently his chief clerk told him that he was insolvent, so, inspired by reading a recent life of Napoleon, he decided to risk all on a single throw. After sleepless nights spent looking through his stock to see what he had to offer, he published the following advertisement:

"What Must a Young Girl Know Before Marriage? From the Book which I will supply to order, the Young will learn, not those things which every Young Girl is told before Marriage, but what the Young Girl of Today will find it indispensable to know if she is to prove herself really modern. For reasons easily to be understood, it is not possible to sell such a book over the counter, but on receipt of the price, four pengoe (about \$1) the book will be sent, discreetly packed, to any address."

Immediately the musty old shop sprang into new life. With every mail, orders rolled in from the young ladies of Budapest and from the opposite sex to the number of 2,000 in the first week. The orders were filled as quickly as the little staff could manage, and in a fortnight the chief clerk was able to inform his principal that the business was saved. The purchasers, however, were not satisfied and several of them entered action for fraud.

For what the old dealer had sent was copies of ancient cookery books which he had inherited from his father, dating from the 1870s and 1890s. One, which particularly infuriated the male recipients, was entitled "Lazy Little Lulu Learns Cooking."

The judge, in directing the jury to find Bichl not guilty, which they did without deliberation, expressed, with a dry smile lurking around the corners of his mouth, his thorough approval of the old man's expedient.

"I am," he said, "of precisely the same opinion as M. Bichl. To my mind cooking is precisely what the young girl must know before marriage. More especially do I agree that such knowledge is indispensable to the young girl of today. If the applicants were ashamed to ask to see the book before sending in the money, that is their affair. I am afraid that what they were looking for might have proved much less edifying than a sound knowledge of cookery."

THE FIVE MILE VOICE

A NEW type of instrument is being manufactured in Germany, which will enable a person to be heard intelligibly five miles away. Lucio in *The Manchester Guardian*, doesn't seem to like the idea.

And when this feat has been achieved,
And all too joyously received,
The brazen tidings will be heaved.

From Gisborne away to Sale,
And, borne like thunder on the gale,
Will come the cry "Drink Barry's Ale!"

Or, hurled from Normandy to Kew,
This sage advice will still pursue—
"Bung's Bingo Beer is GOOD for YOU!"

Why, even Egmont's highest slope
Will echo the extended scope
Of someone's pestilential soap.

For my part I must frankly own
I see one use, and one alone,
For this infernal megaphone.

I'd like to find the man's abode
Who fashioned this atrocious goad;
And fix one just across the road.

There I would sit me down all day
And give the thing its loudest play,
With full, five-mile, persistent bray,

Roaring, in one determined yell,
"Sir, will you kindly go to —,
And take your instrument as well?"

SIMPLE SOGGARTH AROON

PIPPA contributes this interesting account of a truly simple man to *The New Zealand Tablet*:

"Pippa" was reading the other day some words of St. Vincent de Paul on simplicity and they brought back to her the simplest soul she has known. He was a young Irish soggarth who had come to this country a victim of an unrelenting disease. He must at any time have been of an extraordinary humility though his brain power was above the average and he was admired at college for his Greek. He stood always as it were in the presence of death and every word that he uttered was said as if God stood before him. And his effect on those with whom he came in contact was strangely humbling. All falseness, shallowness, and artificiality shrivelled in his presence. Airs were wasted on him whose one touchstone was truth. Sometimes his candor even hurt folk but it always did them good, for they saw speedily that he was merciless to himself. You came away from meeting him with a standard of simplicity for life. If you were ever tempted to boast the memory of him leapt up to shame you.

He was plain; he was homely, and careless in his dress; he had no social graces, yet because of his bare truth he was remembered where you would forget the rich and charming. And he had humor to leaven this starkness. His companions evidently loved him for they were determined that he should pass in the singing examination demanded by his seminary. They coached him in the scale note by note till they got him as far as Fah but after Fah he would lose his nerve and flatten the Soh. Perhaps the examiner was human and knew his limitations. At all events he asked only half the scale of him. He set out bravely—"Doh Ray Me Fah"—and there he hesitated and a German student behind came in with the Soh—a singularly pure and beautiful Soh

considering the other notes the examiner might have said, but he smiled and recorded a Pass. A short ministry he had after singing that scale but who can measure merit in length of days?

THE CANNY SCOT

IT isn't often that we insert stories of Scotchmen in these columns. We quote these from *The Southern Cross* of Cape Town, S. Africa:

"George," said old Angus McTavish, to the ancient colored man of all work, on the farm, "ye hae served us verra faithfully these thirty years, an' frae now on we will regard ye as a member of th' family. As such ye'll receive no more wages."

An Aberdonian wished to catch the morning train to London, and, being a heavy sleeper, was in doubt if he would wake up sufficiently early. He thought of several methods to ensure success, but each seemed to indicate the necessity for a tip.

In the end he posted himself a letter without a stamp.

Next morning early there came a thunderous rattle on the door. The Scot opened the window and the postman cried:

"Here's a letter for you without a stamp. There's thrip-pence to pay."

"Tak' it back," commanded the wily one. "Carelessness like that doesna deserve to be encouraged."

SUBWAY PESTS

THOSE who have ridden in the subways of New York City can appreciate the following enumeration of unpleasant incidents connected therewith. From the *New York Sun*:

A group of men seated around a table in a downtown luncheon club had pretty well talked themselves out and were about to start for their offices when one of them chanced to think of an unpleasant incident in his ride on the subway that morning.

This brought forth a general conversation, and before the party broke up a large number of "pet peeves" of subway riders were made known, among them:

Being forced to remain close to a heavy breathing, garlic loving individual.

Having the good fortune to find standing room where you could at least read your newspaper, only to have some aggressive person crowd into the space alongside you.

Not being able to move from the spot occupied by a person who is chewing gum or candy with much gusto.

Having the doors start to close as you are half way in the train.

Having the doors close just as you reach the entrance.

Having a guard grin at you because you just missed the train.

Having a platform man yell at you to "get a move on!" while you are trying to be gentlemanly.

Having a platform man give you a blank look when you ask him what train it is.

Being walked on, jostled and otherwise man-handled by those who are trying to reach a vacant seat.

Being pushed into some one and receiving a dirty look or even worse from an aggrieved person.

Getting jammed against the side of a car by a mob, any one of which could have been an all-American selection had he been playing college football.

Those who sit with crossed legs.

The stubborn mules who refuse to move over.

Two persons sprawled out on a three-persons seat.

The party who keeps poking his paper into the back of your neck.

The wet umbrella pressed against your legs.

The person who beats an old lady or gentleman to a seat. Those who have to change a bill at the ticket window just as you hear your train coming into the station.

A man or woman telling some one family secrets in a voice loud enough for the whole car to hear.

The pig who stands in the doorway.

Those who push their way into the train as passengers are trying to get off.

A gabby girl telling of the party she attended or the conquest she has made, or panning some one in her office.

Standeers who use the partitions of cross seats for back rests.

Those who wait until the last moment and then make a mad dash for the doors.

The unnecessary use of hands, elbows, knees, etc.

Bundles.

There might have been more, but time was limited, though this much they all agreed on, and that was the remarkable good-naturedness of the average subway traveler, for real fights as a result of each or all of these annoyances were few and far between.

THEY SAY

Another thing the country needs even more than a good five-cent cigar is a burning issue that will produce light instead of heat.—*Louisville Times*.

An instrument has been invented that measures to the 5,000,000th of an inch. It should be useful to a motorist trying to find a place to park his car.—*Passing Show*.

There should be a dandy opening some twenty-five or thirty years hence for an enterprising group of young writers to go to work rebunking history.—*Detroit News*.

There may be faculty changes in the school of experience from time to time, but the professor in charge of grade-crossing affairs remains on the job.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

The Department of Agriculture's announcement that there are more sheep in the country than ever before is another item of information which Wall Street had already discounted.—*Virginia-Pilot*.

Foreign ships cannot compete with our own, even in the liquor aboard.—*F. O. Bezdner*.

Demand is not synonymous with want or desire; demand expresses purchasing capacity.—*Alonso E. Taylor*.

There is a dangerous tendency for women to use the new technique of beautification to serve a growing recklessness of behavior.—*Jeanette Eaton*.

We must be careful not to confuse the absence of elaborate formalities with bad manners.—*William Lyon Phelps*.

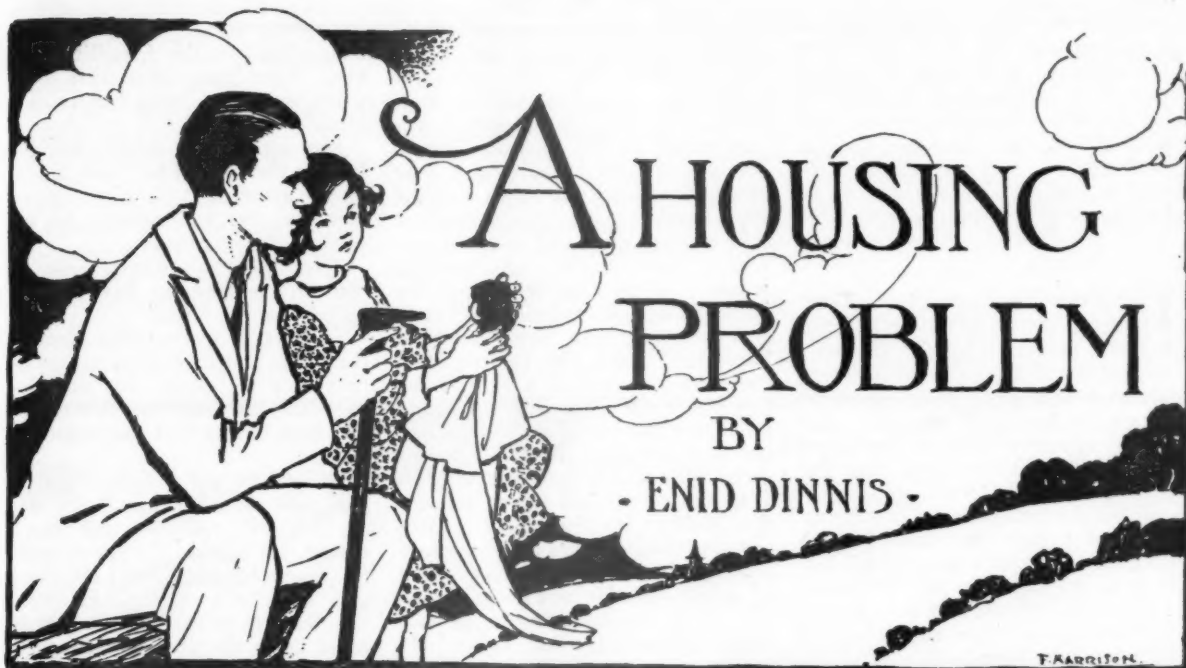
To prevent another war it is not enough to engage in amicable platitudes.—*Sir Herbert Samuel*.

Now that the country has the 5-cent cigar, all it needs is the nickel.—*J. J. Green*.

Some are almost ready to submit the Ten Commandments to a referendum.—*The Rev. Dr. Hugh T. Kerr*.

Without a design in the universe there could be no order and hence no science.—*Professor Ignatius W. Cox*.

Ever since the days of our first parents some form of garment has been in use by the civilized, and it is hard that we old people should be ridiculed because we hold this view.—*Dowager Lady Leconfield*.



I SEE from the Catholic papers that someone has just presented a new tabernacle to the little church at Five Oaks—and quite time too, for the other was but a poor makeshift, as I have reason to know, having been the donor thereof in the days when I was not as substantial as I am now. Still, I would like to know what is to become of that little oaken house. Perhaps it will find its way to the missionaries and so continue to help to solve a rather acute housing problem? I hope that may be the case for the story connected with that tabernacle is a very curious one—worth, I think, setting down for the benefit of all those who are interested in this particular “housing question.”

The Catholic mission at Five Oaks, a village in the south of England, was started in an out-house lent for the purpose by the proprietor of the Salutation Inn, a Catholic. A priest from the Priory at Devuns used to come over once a week and say Mass. The place was fitted up in a poor way, with the necessary altar furniture, and so the mission made its start, like many another.

At that time I was not a Catholic. I was living at home with my father who was the big man of the neighboring village. A big man in commerce, I mean, not the old-fashioned landed proprietor. I had been put into the firm, and was expected to work my way up. I went up to town

with my father every day and enjoyed getting back into the country in the evening.

Business was not altogether in my line in those days. I was by way of being a dreamer and, not being then a Catholic, I had not learnt how to work in the two. I did not know how Our Lady of Lombard Street can give one a thrill half way up a column of figures without invalidating the sum total if one is putting one's back into a dreary job.

One of my favorite walks was across the meadows and along the bridle path to Five Oaks, a delightful old village with a growing population instead of a diminishing one. We were within an hour of London and Five Oaks was being assiduously “developed.” I used to watch the growth of Five Oaks with a clutch at my heart. My father did not sympathize with me. He took the builder's view. He was a hard-headed business man and housing was one of his hobbies. Most emphatically it was not one of mine. My hobbies filled my father with contempt.

One evening, when I was taking this particular path, a little incident occurred, so slight that I can hardly understand how it came to stick in my memory. As I made my way along the bridle path I sighted the figure of a man walking a good way ahead of me. It was a tall figure, slightly bent, as though with fatigue,

and there was something about it that arrested my attention. What was curious about it was that whereas I was walking at a good pace and he with the slowness of one physically worn out I did not catch up with him until we were out on the main road in the village of Five Oaks. Perhaps I had been walking more slowly than I imagined for I was deep in thought, working out the various theses which a perfect summer evening suggests. I took all my religion in the open air in those days. The bridle path brought me out close to the Salutation Inn. I noted that the out-house had been renovated and made decent, and that a board was up advertising the fact that it had been turned into a place of worship. There would be more building there soon, I thought to myself, with a sigh.

I noticed that the wayfarer in front of me had stopped at the gate leading up to the temporary church. I thought at first that he was going to turn in, but the next moment he was continuing his way, walking more wearily than ever.

POOR fellow, thought I, perhaps he was on the lookout for a shelter for the night. If he had been “on the road” long this might have been one of his “hostelries” in the days before its promotion to ecclesiastical purposes.

When I reached the little building

I noticed that the door was open. He could have gone in if he had wished to, but no doubt on an evening like this a meadow with a haystack would be the more alluring resting-place. As I glanced down the road I saw no sign of him, so he had apparently already accepted the invitation offered by some kindly gap in the hedge.

I GLANCED at the open door. There was an implied invitation to enter, and the legend, "Catholic Church," on the board aroused my curiosity, but as I was about to go and take a peep, a little girl emerged. She looked at me and shook her head mournfully. "It's no good your going in," she said, "Jesus isn't there."

I had no notion what she meant. She was a little curly-headed thing of about six years old—but I felt it to be up to me to take advice so courteously offered, so I turned back and left my curiosity unsatisfied—if such it could be called.

I don't know why the little episode should have impressed me in the way it had, at least, I didn't then. It was certainly not any particular interest in the little out-building at Five Oaks which led me to take another stroll over in that direction one Sunday morning, not long after. I was out that morning for singing a *Benedicite* under the blue dome of Heaven for a tremendous stroke of good fortune had come my way, and the larch wood between our village and Five Oaks was one of my favorite cathedrals. The great stroke of good fortune was this: a big city magnate, the head of a firm with headquarters in New York and a branch in London had come over on the lookout for the right kind of young man for his business. For some amazing reason he had taken a fancy to me when my father introduced me to him. He was a keen American who prided himself on being able to size up human beings. I liked him—there was a straightness about him that I admired, and he liked me, and it was practically settled that he would take me into his London Branch and make my fortune for me.

What allured me in his offer was that I should have more congenial work, bringing more opportunity for out-door life. Money had no great lure for me, but it impressed my father with a new idea of my abilities, and on that account I appreciated that side of the good fortune.

So it can be imagined that I was in high feather as I took way that

Sunday morning along the bridle path of Five Oaks. It was just turned noon when I reached the main road. The little congregation was coming out of the Catholic Church. The people were standing in a little knot at the church gate. As I watched them I suddenly caught a glimpse—it was nothing more—of a tall figure which reminded me of someone whom I had seen before. It was the bearing that I recognized. His back was to me, walking slowly away by himself. I knew him for the same one who had walked ahead of me along the path through the meadows on that other occasion. So he had not been a tramp, after all. I wondered why I had got that impression, and why I had felt so tremendously sorry for him. As I glanced at the vanishing figure in the distance I felt again the same strange feeling of compassion. He was going slowly. He was as weary today as he had been that evening. Poor fellow! He must be on the road, after all. A Catholic, and he had got Mass on the way.

When the people had melted off I ventured to enter the little building to have a look round. I had suddenly become interested. It was a pitifully bare little place. An altar with crucifix and candle-sticks and one or two pictures on the walls, and that was all in the way of decoration. No "graven images" of any kind—or at least, such was my impression, but I was wrong for standing near me was the little girl of my former acquaintance and she was hugging to herself a doll, a well-intentioned rag doll, not a graven image exactly, but conscientiously made in the likeness of the waxen beauties which one sees in the toy-shops.

The obvious home-madness of the doll—it was quite a new, clean doll—fitted in somehow with the rest. The little damsel caught sight of me and was delighted.

"It's my birthday," she proclaimed, affably, "and I've got a new dolly."

"Bravo!" I answered. "And what is her name?"

She told me the doll's name. I think it was Cecilia. Then I inquired her own name.

"Phillippa Ann," she replied, glibly.

"And so it's your birthday, Phillippa Ann," said I. "How many presents have you had?"

She looked up at me.

"I've had my dolly," she said, and

then added, in the friendliest fashion, "When Jesus comes here to live I am going to bring her to show Him."

She noticed the slightly intrigued look on my face. I had been brought up to associate toys with the secular week-day, and certainly not with official visits to church.

"He hasn't come yet," she explained, "because we haven't got a little house for Him."

She cast a disconsolate glance at the altar, and then I noted for the first time that there was no tabernacle such as I had seen in the Catholic churches which I had chanced to visit.

"When we get a little house He will come and live here," she went on. "It will cost lots and lots of money, but old Mr. George is asking St. Joseph to get us one. He always gets what he asks for. He would like Jesus to come and live here because he is too tired to walk to the Priory and say his prayers there."

I was finding Philippa Ann a thoroughly delightful little personage. We sat down on a bench and she told me more about herself and Mr. George who was always very tired because he was very old, and her late dolly who had dropped down the well, and many other things in which she and old Mr. George were more or less jumbled up. They appeared to be great pals.

AN idea struck me as I listened to her—this poor little kiddie who was rejoicing in a single home-made birthday present.

"Phillippa Ann," I said. "I would like to give you a birthday present. Now, say what you would like. I have got quite a lot of money in the bank."

She gazed at me with rounded eyes. First to see if I was joking, and then in wonder at my affluence. She sat thinking furiously for a few moments. Then she said, slowly but with great decision:

"I would like a little house for Jesus to come and live in."

I was fairly taken aback. This was a large order. What on earth was I to say to the child? She sat watching my face with big, eager eyes.

"Oh," she cried, "and then Mr. George can come and talk to Our Lord all day long like he used to when he lived near the Priory. He can only walk very slowly now."

An idea struck me. Surely this old Mr. George would be the tired

man whom I had glimpsed on two occasions, and who had somehow aroused my compassion.

"Is Mr. George a tall man," I asked, "and does he walk with his head bent forward—like this?"

SHE nodded vigorously, and I became satisfied that it had been Mr. George whom I had seen. Poor old man! Catholics seemed to gain great comfort from this strange belief of theirs in the Real Presence. I had not the faintest idea how much a tabernacle would cost, but the one

The idea contained a quaint piece of irony. It was the first time that a housing problem had associated itself with a romance in my experience; and Philippa Ann was certainly a figure of romance. And so was the weary wayfarer who had turned from the open door of the empty church. I had little idea of what the housing problem was going to lead to.

On the following day I was to lunch with Mr. John P. Chapway, my prospective employer, in the City. After lunch we were to finally settle

anxious to find out."

"Why?" he asked. "You're not a Roman Catholic are you?"

"No," I replied hastily; "but I've rather let myself in for giving one to—someone who is wanting something of the kind."

"But you don't believe in Transubstantiation," the man at my side queried.

"It's not that," I answered, "I'm only proposing to give pleasure to someone who does."

"That's rank sentimentality," he made retort, in his blunt way. "You



He was walking with the slowness of one physically worn out.

impossible thing seemed to be to go back on my rash promise.

"If I have enough money in the bank," I told her, "you shall have a little house for a birthday present—to do what you like with." I added this rider as a sop to my conscience for I had the prejudices of my bringing up which had been strictly Protestant.

Philippa Ann expressed her delight by dropping the rag doll and hugging me instead. After that sealing of the compact I felt that, if my current account ran to it, the housing problem of the Catholic church at Five Oaks would have to be solved by me.

our business. I was aware that I would be psychologically overhauled by the latter during the social interlude, but there seemed no fear of his changing his opinion of me; everything was as good as settled.

It chanced, however, that our way to the restaurant took us past the premises of a large church-furnishing firm. Something in one of the windows caught my eye. It was an altar tabernacle. It arrested my attention, and my footsteps. I stood still, my companion notwithstanding, and surveyed the object with curiosity.

"I wonder what those things cost?" I found myself saying. "I'm rather

involve a principle when you do a thing like that. Don't you follow me?"

I STUCK feebly to my point, and thereat he dismissed the subject. I simply could not tell him about Philippa Ann and the little house after having been charged with sentimentality. We lunched together, chatted about various things—art, politics, what not; and at the end of lunch he remarked; "Come and talk over the business tomorrow, and meanwhile think over what I said about principle and sentiment."

I called upon him next day.

"Well," he said, "have you in-

quired the price of that piece of church furniture yet?"

I told him that I had—this morning, on my way to him, for such was the case.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Then consider our negotiations at an end," he said—quite coolly and without any signs of annoyance. "I can respect any man's convictions, but sentimentality invariably goes with weak principles."

I HELD myself dismissed. There was no appeal. I could see his point. There was nothing to be said or done. He was quite right! What I felt most was having to tell my father. It would confirm him in his low opinion of me. He would be furious—thoroughly disgusted with me; and well he might!

I left Mr. John P. Chapway's office and crossed over to the church-furnisher's. I was going to keep my promise. When Philippa Ann had said that a little house for the Lord would cost lots and lots of money she had little known what it was going to cost me. But have her birthday present she should. I found that a tabernacle was no such very costly thing. The one I chose about cleared out my balance at the bank. I ordered it to be sent to Miss Philippa A. Simmonds—she had given me her full name and address at my request—and then I went back to the office to face my father.

Mr. Chapway had already rung him up and informed him that I had proven myself to lack the qualities which he required; my opinions were not founded on principles and I adhered to them with an unintelligent obstinacy.

My father raged at me. He informed me that he had already filled my place in his office and that I would, therefore, have to choose between shifting for myself or taking a post in our Hongkong House.

I thought I was to suffer banishment for the instability of my opinions, or for my undue obstinacy in holding them, I was not quite sure which. I made my choice—to shift for myself. I had no ready money left. My father was in the habit of advancing my salary when I ran short, which I did with impunity, knowing that I could fall back on him. I felt I could not stop at home "loafing about" as he would term it, and my place in the office was filled. I happened to hear of a post at Liverpool. It was a poor look-out, hard work and a miserable sal-

ary, but it was better than stopping at home, and I preferred it to Hongkong.

During these last wretched days I had given no further thought to Five Oaks and my "benefaction" to the Catholic Missions. It was not until my last day at home that I bethought me that I would rather like to walk over and find out if the tabernacle had reached its destination safely. It was a sublime evening and it would be my last ramble. As I tramped along I had a strange new feeling of being "on the road." In a sense I was homeless, a very mild sense, but it operated to put me in touch with those who were wanderers on the face of the earth.

When I got out onto the high road from the bridle path I turned towards the little out-building which served the purpose of a church. I hoped that old Mr. George might be finding solace for his soul there, now that I had yielded to my sentimentality and provided a house for One in Whose presence I did not believe. It was a fantastic idea. No wonder my father and my would-be employer had been disgusted.

I wondered, too, if Philippa Ann had exhibited her dolly? There surely ought to be someone in the 'little house' who would know that the rag doll might have been replaced by a waxen beauty? And then it was that, once again I caught sight of my wayfarer, ahead of me, as before.

He was going very slowly but there was a kind of eagerness, withal; it was the gait of one who felt that the end of his journey was at hand. The pace quickened as he approached the church gate. The thought crossed my mind: How disappointed he would be if the door were locked.

But the door was open and he passed in—with a sudden swiftness as though the refuge were indeed a journey's goal. I followed a minute or two later, and just as I got up to the door a man with a bunch of keys in his hand came out and prepared to lock it.

"Excuse me," I said to him, "but are you sure that you are not locking somebody in? Someone went in, not half a minute ago."

"I didn't notice anyone," he replied, "are you sure?"

I was certain, and so he went back to see, I following. There was not a soul in the place. We hunted in the sacristy and peered into the confessional, but not a sign of anyone.

The little place had a new feeling

about it. There was a red lamp burning in the sanctuary, and upon the altar stood the "little house"—Philippa Ann's birthday present. What a tremendous difference it made!

"I think I can tell you who it was that I saw," I told the man with the keys, for he was beginning to regard me with some suspicion. "It was a man who they call 'old Mr. George.'"

"That might be," he said. "He always comes in for a visit about this time, and he hasn't been in today. Why," he exclaimed, breaking off—"here he comes!"

He was looking through the open door down the path, and approaching was an old man, bent and twisted with rheumatism. "But that's not the one I mean," I explained. The approaching figure was in complete contrast to the majestic one which I had followed on two occasions and glimpsed on a third. How majestic it was, I realized now; and as I realized it a strange half-frightened feeling came over me. Where was the man whom I had followed?

The care-taker jingled his keys. "Well," he said. "Old George will be wanting to stop here a bit. I'll leave the keys with him and he can lock up. You can tell him about the man you fancied you saw, if you like, but I think you must have been dreaming."

It looked uncommonly like it. Still I had a fancy to stop on and tell old George, as he suggested. The latter had come in and was making an exceedingly difficult and laborious genuflection.

My companion handed him the keys and left us together. He was evidently glad to be off. I imagine he had whispered something to the old man about my being what is usually indicated by a tap on the forehead, for old Mr. George turned a kindly and benevolent gaze on me when I approached him.

I CAN'T attempt to describe that old man. Unless you have met a real saint you will not know what I mean. I started to tell him about the curious incident which had just occurred, and I found myself telling many other things. I could not resist the pleasure of telling him that I was the donor of the birthday present which Philippa Ann had passed on to the church, and I had to bring myself up with a jerk for I found I was telling him all about my fallen fortunes!

I returned hurriedly to the point of

the story. Who and where was the person whom I had seen enter the church? He was someone whom I had seen coming out of church once, and I had followed him on two occasions when he had sought the church door.

"And you've never seen his face?" my listener commented. "Just his back, as it were, and the general look of someone going on, and on. Someone, perhaps, who had nowhere to lay his head."

He was sitting with his eyes fixed on the tabernacle. Philippa Ann's freehold gift to the King of Glory.

"I'm an old man," he said, "and I have fancies, maybe, but it always seems to me that when they turned our Blessed Lord out of the churches at the Reformation that He was left, as it were, without a place to lay His head. The foxes had dens and the birds had their nests, but He had nowhere. And it seems to me that He still goes about looking for a place to rest in, and when He comes upon a Catholic church He has a resting place. When we had the Mass here before we had a tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament, then He came to us at Mass, but He had to go away again. It was like inviting a friend for an hour or two and not asking him to stop. You saw Him go away that Sunday when He came out with

the people after Mass?"

He turned his eyes from the tabernacle to my face.

"I did," I found myself saying. What was this old fellow doing to me?

"Well," he went on. "I told St. Joseph to see to it, because, you see, St. Joseph had to do with the housing of the Holy Child, and he didn't manage badly, although a stable seemed a bit makeshift. And no doubt he got little Philippa to show you her doll, and that led up to the birthday present business, bless her heart!"

"But it was our Blessed Lord Himself that brought you here—He that wanders over the country till He finds a resting place on the altar where He dwells in the Blessed Sacrament."

I sat on there in silence. I was trying to visualize once again that strange, majestic figure. An impressionist portrait by a Divine Artist expressing—just weariness. The weariness of the One who said: "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden."

How glad, how unspeakably glad, I was that I had been allowed to solve that housing problem. Well, I went to my new post at Liverpool, and there I learnt more about the Faith; and I consider that our Lord

gave me good exchange for a freehold residence.

A few weeks after my reception into the Church whom should I meet but Mr. John Chapway. To my astonishment he grasped my hand and greeted me in the most cordial manner.

"My boy," he said. "I have been wanting to meet you. I only heard the other day that you had joined the Romanists. That means that I did you a wrong when I set a certain action of yours down to mere sentimentality. If you were making for a conviction that quite alters the case, even if you were only half-way. And now I have a post ready for you in London, if you care to take it."

It was Mr. John Chapway, by the by, who insisted on sending Philippa Ann a glorious waxen princess on her seventh birthday, for I had felt it incumbent on me to tell him the story.

It was all many years ago. They have a permanent church now at Five Oaks, and now I see that they are to have a new tabernacle. I am glad to think that that other "little house" may find its way to the missionaries, for I like to share old Mr. George's fancy and to believe that there is a mystical Wayfarer Who walks wearily in those far-away parts where the housing problem is so terribly acute.

Jacks in the Pulpit

By IRVING T. McDONALD

AMONG the many playthings with which their engineers divert themselves, the Bell Laboratories have perfected an entertaining gadget that performs an operation sensibly described as "scrambling speech." You say one thing, and it comes out another. Call the word "company," for example, into the scrambler, and it comes out "krinkanope." And not until "krinkanope" is sifted through another scrambler—which in this case functions as an unscrambler—will its vibrations make good sense again as "company."

Here again science demonstrates both its tardiness and its inferiority. There are human beings who have been outdoing the scrambler's per-

formance for ages. No sooner do they get to talking about religion—and sooner or later they're bound to touch the Catholic religion—than their utterances become scrambled all over the place, and frequently stop making sense before they get off the tongue.

Professor L. J. Jacks, who is principal of Manchester College, Oxford, mounts the rostrum to make "A Plea for Religion in the Workshop." Now that, I maintain, is an excellent project to urge. It would be glorious to effect an increase of religion in workshops; just as an increase of religion in bowling alleys would be joyfully noted, and in department stores and banks, bakeries and butcher shops; in a lot of churches even, conceivably,

in Manchester College. But unfortunately, that isn't the professor's object. No such universal increase of religion is advocated. To propose it would seem to be making religion and its intentions an end to be served, and that is obviously, I may say conspicuously, not the way to look at things.

"When the pagan religions died out," Professor Jacks explains, "and were superseded by Christianity, the Catholic Church turned many of the gods and goddesses into patron saints."

I ASK leave to digress for a paragraph. Perhaps it really isn't a digression, since we're talking about scrambling speech. At any rate, let

me call attention to the rather notable insinuation of distinction between Christianity and the Catholic Church. It was Christianity that superseded paganism, that destroyed idolatry, that expounded the doctrines of charity, salvation and mercy, that benefitted mankind by its creditable works; but it was the Catholic Church that practised the legerdemain by which, according to the allegation, Vulcan, Aesculapius, Apollo and Athena were raised to the altars in the new guise of patron saints. It may be a small matter, and no doubt it is, but I would be curious to know the names of the other Christian Churches, besides the Catholic Church, which were notably active at the time presumably referred to. It would seem to be implied that Methodism, Unitarianism, Calvinism and their contemporaries all co-operated in the conversion of the early pagans; but that superstition, idolatry and other residuary evils were dragged along by the Catholic Church.

I'LL yield that point and be glad of the compromise if the good professor will stick permanently to the acknowledgment that it was some kind of Christianity, anyway, that overcame paganism. He isn't too steady on that point and he does so want a sure thing. So, to be on the safe side and not to fail in incense to the current idol, he deplores "the loss which religion suffered when the old sense of something spiritual in the woods and streams, the old nature worship of elemental powers inhabiting the mountains and the seas, was finally banished by the advances of science." Doesn't science get into the most extraordinary juxtapositions, though! And won't our scientific friends rejoice when they hear of their instrumentality in banishing nature worship; just when every one else in the world is worrying over their threat to return us to paganism.

Does this banishment of nature worship, I wonder, refer to the "superseding of pagan religions"? I assume so. There were not two distinct transformations from paganism to Christianity. It doesn't make sense, to say nothing of history. The banishment of the gods of the mountains, of the sea and of the air, were only some of the details of the "superseding," so called, of paganism. And history is silent on the assistance rendered by science to that end. And so are the "scientists"; which must be conclusive.

Those are only side issues, however. The real contention is here: in the Good Old Days (before Christianity) workmen believed in the gods of their respective occupations, and made of their daily work an offering to the deities of their trades. Even after paganism was "superseded," the Catholic Church "turned many of the gods and goddesses into patron saints," and the effect on the workers was the same. But now—"Divinity has fled from the workshops and offices, just as it has fled from the woods and streams, and taken refuge in the churches and chapels." Which is an obvious exaggeration; in every part.

It would be fruitless to discuss the metamorphosis of gods into saints that the Church is alleged to have effected. Possibly the good professor has been browsing through some of the popularized "studies" of comparative religion and has believed all he read. Possibly, too, he never bothered to find out what the Church means by a "saint," to say nothing of a "patron saint"; or the rather wide difference that exists between the attitude of a Catholic towards his patron saint and a pagan towards his occupational god. These items are apart from the professor's main thesis, after all.

To return to the issue. A great calamity, we are informed, "overtook religion when daily work lost its divinity (*sic*) and became a humdrum affair of so many hours' work and so much pay at the end of them." Now that's a crocodile tear if ever there was one. Religion was not the sufferer, my dear Professor, and to be pointed, you know it. The thing that suffered, and that concerns you and those who share your point of view, was—the work. There it is! That's the point—that's the cause of all the grief, and you make it unmistakable. For the nearest approach to a specific objective that appears in your discourse; the only place where is to be found a definite reason for the reinstatement of religion in the workshop, is that "It gave the workman the best of motives for the well-doing of his work." That is not an intelligent position for anyone who knows what religion is. It confuses the means with the end. It is based on the extraordinary belief that the ultimate purpose of religion is to produce well-done work; that religion itself, therefore, is dependent on the requirements

of commerce. This is different, to be sure, from transforming a god into a saint. It is the creation of another god; a Soviet god.

I AM aware of a sense in which the last-quoted statement might be taken, and which would modify somewhat its bearing; to interpret it from a spiritual point of view. And perhaps Professor Jacks intends that interpretation to be made, for he does introduce the name of spirituality; and thereby makes a bad job worse. For he reveals, among other quaint bric-a-brac, his idea of the spiritual. Let him speak for himself:

"There is much big talk in these days about 'spiritualizing society'; but nobody seems to know how it is to be done. It will certainly not be done merely by talking about it. How can you spiritualize engineering? How can you spiritualize bridge-building? How can you spiritualize any piece of work that falls to be done? The answer is really very simple (*sic!*). You spiritualize your work by doing it in the best manner that it admits of. The spiritual is only another name for the very best—not something opposed to the material, but simply the material made the best of. . . . Make a bad job of it (building a bridge), scamp the work, and not even the Pope himself could spiritualize that bridge, though he were to sprinkle holy water on it every day."

Now there's an utterance that defies all the resources of the Bell Laboratories. You can put it through all the sieves and strainers yet devised for the juggling of sound; you can set it to music, if you like, and make it the theme song of a cross-word puzzle; you can indulge in any fantastic experiment with it that occurs to your fertile imagination. But never, never, never, till the sands of the desert grow whiskers, will you succeed in unscrambling it into sense.

You never get to the end of Christ's words. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them they are still not exhausted.—Dean Stanley.



The Church in Conflict: Summary and Conclusion

Being the LAST of TWELVE Articles Answering
the Question, *Can an Intelligent Man be an honestly
Convinced Catholic in the Twentieth Century?*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WE are now in a position to sum up the results of the discussion contained in these articles.

The question before us at their opening was this: Can a Catholic reconcile his position with the modern world?

It is a question put in many ways. Can the Catholic Church, her doctrines and morals and general mentality, resist the proved conclusions which today can be brought against her? How can the Catholic meet proofs of discovery in history, in early documents, in geology, in the nature of man's body and the dependence of his thoughts and actions upon material causes? Is he not compelled either to refuse to face the certitudes of a new world—in which case he is doomed, or to pretend acquiescence in them while denying them in his heart or (the other way about) to pretend his loyalty to Catholic doctrine while at heart convinced of contradicting truths which modern science has established?

Is he not, in a word, so much at issue with the modern world and necessarily so antagonistic to it, that Catholicism and life as it now is, based on increased knowledge are incompatible?

Two Propositions

WE have seen that these general questions which underlie modern discussion on all sides involve two very different propositions:

1. Whether the Catholic Church rejects truths established by physical and historical science;

2. Whether the Catholic Church is in opposition to a whole modern state of society founded upon the truths established by the scientific method.

We have taken these questions separately, and we have shown that so far as the first is concerned the implied affirmation in it is simply wrong. It is a mere mistake. It proceeds from an ignorance of what the Church is. To conceive that the Catholic philosophy forbids, is suspicious of, contradicts, or ignores physical science is mere nonsense. Such an idea can only come from lack of acquaintance with the very elements of the matter. The Republican of a lifetime ago who imagined England to be governed by a powerful monarch and wondered how the Englishman could reconcile this state of affairs with political freedom was only wondering because he had not been informed of the facts. The Europeans (and there were plenty of them) who thought that America would not come into the Great War because the American constitution would prevent immediate and universal armed action abroad, and who were astonished at the actual event, were only so astonished because they were misinformed. They did not know the facts.

It is exactly the same with regard to the supposed antagonism between the Catholic Church and the scientific method and its results on history (including the history of religion) and on material knowledge. There is no antagonism and there is no impediment. Research in physical science, research in the history of institutions (including the most central and essential of Catholic institutions), research into the authenticity of documents, their probable date of authorship, their credibility, (including the documents of the New Testament and the Early Church)—all this is freely and eagerly undertaken by a host of Catholic laymen and clergy. Some

of the very first names in modern anthropology are the names of priests, and without a doubt the very best and most modern work in documentary criticism is Catholic.

Knowledge and Ignorance

OVER and over again in contemporary debates on these matters one finds the Catholic fully understanding his opponent's position, and that opponent astonishingly ignorant of the Catholic position. Who could imagine, for instance, a great scholar like Dom Butler or the late Monsignor Battifol not having read eagerly and fully the writings of a man like Harnack? Yet how many of those who read Harnack, outside the Church, have any idea of what the great Catholic authorities have written in the matter of the Early Documents? See how the great Catholic archeologists, fully founded on the doctrine of the Fall of Man and admitting no doubt of it, bring forward and compare all the evidence on early man and attain the highest eminence in that branch of science. On the other side, how many of the non-Catholics who attack the doctrine of the Fall by quoting the evidence on early man have any clear idea of what that doctrine is?

In this imaginary battle between the Catholic Church and modern science the fighting is all in the air on the part of our opponents and on our side there is no fighting at all. The resolution of that difficulty is simply a question of getting the mass of non-Catholics today to know what Catholic doctrine and method are. When they know it they will cease to be puzzled by the apparent paradox of the great Catholic authorities being not only as learned as the non-Catholics but probably more detached and free to form conclusions on scientific

evidence than equally great authorities on the other side.

So much for the simple error upon a supposed conflict between the Catholic Church and the present achieved results of knowledge.

But on the second limb of our inquiry we have a different state of affairs. Although, as I have said, it is so continually confused with the first, it is a separate business altogether.

"The Modern Mind"

It may be thus stated: That the Church is in opposition to a whole world of ideas in politics, morals and social life which is called "The Modern Mind," which has risen from, and is based upon, the conclusions of modern science.

That proposition must be dealt with carefully, because it is not the result of mere error through ignorance but the result of a close admixture of truth and falsehood. We Catholics can easily distinguish between the truth and falsehood therein, but we note with some astonishment that those who put the question to us do not apparently so distinguish.

It is true that the Church and its members, its whole point of view, its doctrines, its traditions, its effects on social life, its claims, its discipline, are opposed to a general spirit abroad today which is (quite wrongly) often called "The Modern Mind." That is profoundly true and necessarily true; and it is because this opposition is so real that men have imagined an opposition between the Church and established modern conclusions which does not exist. For, in this statement is involved a second part which is as false as the first is true. The Church is opposed to the so-called "Modern Mind," but that attitude towards man, society and the universe is *not* based upon, nor supported by, recently established scientific truth; it is based upon and supported by a false philosophy, applied to, and attempting to use, scientific truth.

The distinction is all-important for we find it running through every field of human action. We find it in debate upon forms of government, upon the ideal to which laws ought to be moulded, upon the morals to which laws should conform, upon the special points of marriage, of the family, of the claims of the state of property, of education.

To call that general spirit which the Church today opposes "The Mod-

ern Mind" is to beg the whole question. It is no more "modern" in the sense of "special to our day" than the Church herself is. It is not a universal mood attaching to the world in general today; it is a particular anti-Christian mood which has arisen not from studying the results of research in chemistry and biology, geology and history; but from adopting a certain attitude towards life which scientific conclusions are then dragged in to support.

We have analyzed the most important examples of this. We have seen the way in which it takes terrestrial happiness to be the supreme end of man—a conclusion on which science can have nothing whatever to say. We have seen the way in which it regards authority in the State as being of merely human origin—another thing on which science is necessarily dumb and incompetent to answer one way or the other. We have seen how it tends to subordinate the family to the community, another piece of bad morals which no more concerns the neutral process of research, statistics and the rest than the neutral process of chemical analysis concerns the question whether such and such a chemical product may be lawfully used for destroying human life.

Two Moods

THE quarrel lies today, the battle is joined, between two overshadowing moods, the Catholic and the Anti-Catholic. The choice between them is not determined by an appeal to demonstrable facts in the world of the senses, but by an appeal to our general judgment of the nature of things.

That is the whole problem of the debate which I here summarize and conclude. We shall make our choice (each of us individually, and, in the long run, society as a whole) partly on those principles which we instinctively feel to be true, on the order wherein we establish the lesser and the greater good, the lesser and the greater evil; partly upon our estimate of results—"By their fruits you shall know them."

Thus those who make terrestrial well-being a supreme test must always be opposed to those who regard sufficient felicity on this earth as impossible and real felicity as something belonging to the eternal and unchangeable life hereafter.

Those for whom the conception of human immortality is an illusion

must necessarily be opposed to those who see it in every human aspiration and find it bound up with the very nature of man's being. Those who deny the possibility of a particular revelation and of certitude in transcendental things must necessarily be opposed to those who accept as divine a particular institution and its authority and who take for certitudes the articles of its creed. But the opposition is one of fixed philosophies, not of old and new academic knowledge.

Mental Affections

NEITHER of the opposing camps will get the better of its opponent by measurable experiment or by physical demonstration. Neither will make the philosophy of the other untenable by a process of mathematical reasoning or by pointing to established examples of physical cause and effect; for the clash is not between truths so to be established, but between two affections of the mind.

The contest is not of today or of yesterday it has raged in every form over a space of nineteen hundred years. The incompatibility of an absolute lay state with a universal religion, the clash between the acceptance of suffering and the eager appetite for immediate enjoyment, the quarrel as to whether social order or justice shall come first—all these things are parts of two mighty spirits, armed one against the other, and the duel between them is the same today in essence, as it was under the Roman Emperors and during the struggle between the Kings and the Prelates of the Middle Ages.

There is something in the Catholic Church which excites action and reaction more intense than those attaching to any other institution known to man. It inspires not only affection but also hatred so violent that in the presence of the two forces other differences fall into insignificance.

We that are of the Faith have conviction of what the world seen and unseen must truly be. It is a conviction so fixed, so permanent, and so consistent in its various parts that we make certain of our continued power.

Because we have thus arrived at the root of things, we necessarily provoke resistance to our claims and that resistance must always be violent in proportion to our strength. But as for us, we have seen the majestic face, we have heard the authoritative voice; and therefore positive and enduring strength is on our side.

IT HAPPENED IN JULY

Fra Giovanni's Notes on This Month's Anniversaries of Persons and Events

July First

1599—Cardinal Caetano, "Protector of the English Nation" (during the first fury of the storm of the "reformation"), appoints Thomas Worthington to be President of the new Douay College, set up on the Continent for the education of Catholic Englishmen whom their own laws forbade to be educated in their own country.

1681—Martyrdom of Venerable Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, the last Catholic martyr to suffer in London.

1870—Serious Orange Riot at Lurgan, Ireland.

1901—French Association Laws passed against Religious Communities and Schools.

July Second

1670—First Apparition of "the Virgin of the Rosary," Our Lady of Copacabana, Peru.

1691—Election of Cardinal Pignatelli as Innocent XII, the Pope who suppressed the Gallican movement of Louis XIV of France.

1848—Doctor McCloskey, future Cardinal Archbishop of New York, then first Bishop of Albany, begins the building of Albany Cathedral.

1849—General Oudinot sends the Key of Rome to the Pope, then exiled at Gaeta.

1872—Thirty-nine Franciscans and seven Dominicans expelled from Guatemala reach San Francisco.

1872—Birth of the future Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago.

July Third

987—Hugh Capet crowned King of France by Archbishop of Rheims, that See then carrying the right to elect and crown the French Kings.

1532—Henry VIII, having "married" again, forbids his first wife to call herself Queen. She replies that she will take her instructions from the Head of the Church, who is the Pope and not the King.

1534—Jacques Cartier reaches

Baie de Chaleurs, Canada, and presents the Indians with rosary beads.

1848—Negro slave riots in Christiansted, St. Croix, West Indies, pacified by local Catholic priest.

1908—Death at Atlanta, Georgia, of Joel C. Harris, novelist, creator of "Brer Rabbit," "Brer Fox," and "Uncle Remus."

July Fourth

958—Death of St. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dane who restored the famous English Cathedral.

1583—St. Teresa's coffin opened and the body found incorrupt. (She had died October, 1582.)

1875—Death of Bishop O'Gorman, Vicar-Apostolic of Nebraska. Native of Limerick, Ireland.

1877—Catholic Total Abstinence Union presents fountain to City of Philadelphia.

1903—Sudden illness of Pope Leo XIII.

July Fifth

1294—Election of Pope Saint Celestine V, the Pope who voluntarily abdicated so as to have more time for his private devotions. Founder of the Celestine Order.

1581—Four Wexford sailors, hanged, drawn, and quartered for the crime of assisting priests out of Ireland.

1809—Pius IX taken by Napoleon as a prisoner to France.

1872—New German anti-clerical law expels the Jesuits and "all congregations cognate to them."

1881—Pope restores the Hierarchy in Bosnia, now emancipated from Turkey.

July Sixth

1304—Death of Pope Benedict XI.

1535—Martyrdom of Blessed Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England.

1536—Arrival in Ireland of George Brown, King Henry VIII's Archbishop of Dublin and his creature for the "taming of Ire-

land." A drunkard, he unfortunately stole the revenues of his own See.

1758—Election of Clement XIII, the Pope who formally approved the Devotion of the Sacred Heart.

1902—Dinner given at the Vatican to fifteen hundred of the poor of Rome.

1915—Death of Archbishop O'Reilly of Adelaide, Australia.

July Seventh

1438—Signing of Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, France. It was probably this that kept France from any taint of the "reformation."

1456—Pope formally revokes sentence passed on St. Joan of Arc, who had been burned by the English in 1431.

1647—Masaniello's revolt in Naples against the tyranny of the Spanish Vice-roys. The rebellion was started by a priest eighty years of age!

1806—First stone laid of Baltimore Cathedral.

1872—Death of Bishop Vicard of Wellington, New Zealand. He had landed there in 1839, having previously worked in New Caledonia, the famous French penal settlement.

1896—St. Peter Claver proclaimed special patron of all missions to negroes.

July Eighth

1583—Death of Pinto, a famous Portuguese pirate operating in the East Indies, who after twenty-one years of bloodthirsty adventure, suddenly became converted and left his vast fortune to the Jesuit Mission at Goa in Portuguese India.

1623—Death of Gregory XV, the Pope who established the first permanent Congregation of Propaganda.

1803—Death of Thomas Hussey, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore and first President of Maynooth, the famous Irish Seminary.

1872—Mass said for Mr. Owen

Longstaff of Barnard Castle, England, and according to an ancient Catholic custom of the district bread is given to eighty-eight local poor, eighty-eight being the age of the deceased.

July Ninth

1304—King Edward I of England grants Cardinal Winterbourne's request that the Oxford Dominicans be allowed to take stones from the Royal Forests for the repair of their House.

1541—St. Ignatius Loyola completes his Book of Spiritual Exercises.

1572—Execution of the Nineteen Martyrs of Gorkhum, Holland. These were Catholics who were captured by the "Beggars" who, in spite of their pledge, tortured the Martyrs from June 26th to July 8th, the public being admitted on payment of a fee to watch the prisoners. A curious commentary on the popular "histories" of the Dutch Wars. The Martyrs were canonized in 1868.

1843—Pope declares Venerable, Father Jean Gabriel Perboyre, a French missionary to China who had been martyred in 1840 "after unparalleled tortures." His martyrdom had presented some curious features, inasmuch as having been betrayed by a renegade convert for thirty ounces of silver, he was stripped and clothed with rags.

July Tenth

154—Death of Pope Saint Pius I.

1509—Birth of Calvin, the famous "reformer" who burned alive as a "heretic" his fellow-"reformer" Servetus.

1626—Bull of Pope Urban VIII in favor of all Irish Colleges established or to be established in France, Spain or Flanders.

1791—Four French Sulpicians land at Baltimore and start the first Seminary in the United States.

July Eleventh

1324—John XXII, the French Pope who instituted the Angelus, lays Bavaria under an Interdict.

1533—Sentence of excommunication pronounced at Rome against Henry VIII, King of England, for having put away his wife and taken Anne Boleyn.

1820—Pius VII creates See of Charleston. Father England, an Irish priest, is consecrated as first Bishop of the new Diocese in St.

Finnbar's Cathedral, Cork, Ireland, subsequently proceeding to America.

1920—Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament ordered throughout England, to obtain the intercession of Blessed Oliver Plunket, an Irish prelate martyred in the sixteen hundreds, in bringing about an end to the political quarrels between England and Ireland.

July Twelfth

1691—Coronation of Innocent XII (see July 2nd).

1705—Death of Titus Oates, the fabricator of the mythical "Popish Plot" of English history. Described as "perjurer" in the Dictionary of National Biography. Expelled from the Baptist Congregation as a "disorderly person and a hypocrite."

1788—Holy See directs that United States shall have a Bishop chosen by its own clergy and subject directly to Rome, instead of as before being governed from England.

1800—Birth in Ireland of Mary Xavier Williams, the first Religious to make her vows on Australian soil. (In Sydney, 1828.)

1871—Orange anti-Catholic rioting in New York; thirty deaths.

July Thirteenth

574—Death of John III, the Pope who restored the Catacombs in Rome.

1205—Death of Walter Hubert, an Archbishop of Canterbury who had been a chaplain to the English Crusaders of King Richard the Lion Heart.

1590—Birth of Clement X, the Pope who set up the two famous fountains in the Piazza of St. Peter's.

1807—Death of Cardinal Henry Stuart, the last of the expelled Stuart Dynasty of English Royalty. Presented to the Prince Regent, George IV, all the remaining Crown Jewels, etc., of his House.

1852—Cardinal Newman preaches his famous "Second Spring" sermon. This foretold the re-conversion of England to the Faith.

1870—Pius IX by *proprio motu* defines the Dogma of Papal Infallibility.

July Fourteenth

1099—Crusaders after General Communion procession barefoot

around the walls of Jerusalem, afterwards launching their attack and next day entering the city.

1274—Death of St. Bonaventura, Doctor of the Church. Born an almost dying baby, his mother vowed him to St. Francis if he recovered. Hence, it is said, his name, "What good fortune!"

1760—Letter from Mr. Carroll (future first Archbishop of Baltimore) complains that in 1756 the taxes in Maryland had been deliberately doubled against Catholics.

1902—Fall of Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice.

1916—Requiem Mass in Westminster Cathedral, London, for the dead soldiers of France.

1927—Bodies of one Marshal of France and fifteen French Generals buried together in Church of St. Louis des Invalides, Paris.

July Fifteenth

1099—Foundation of Crusaders' Kingdom of Jerusalem.

1575—Gregory XIII confirms Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Consolation in Augustinian Churches.

1588—Start on erection of Dome of St. Peter's, Rome. Pope Sixtus V so anxious to see completion of work that eight hundred men were employed on the task, and the work was finished in twenty-two months.

1634—Father Pierre Dan and other priests of the Order of Redemption arrive in Algiers to try to arrange the liberation of the Christian galley-slaves held by the Moors. This was the Father Dan who, in 1637 wrote the earliest History of the Barbary Corsairs.

1801—Papal Concordat with France.

1808—Birth of future Cardinal Manning.

1849—Birth of Leo Haid, O.S.B., Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina.

July Sixteenth

1143—Robert the Englishman, Archdeacon of Pampeluna in Spain, completes the first translation of the Koran.

1674—Superior of the Jesuits in Quebec lays corner stone of a new Huron Indian mission chapel modeled on chapel of Loretto in Italy.

1850—Pius IX beatifies Peter Claver, patron of slaves. Was said to have baptized 300,000 Negro slaves.

1876—Passionist Monastery at

Highgate, London, blessed by Cardinal Manning.

1876—Anti-Catholic rioting in Brussels, as a "protest" against Catholic successes in the Belgian elections.

July Seventeenth

855—Death of St. Leo IV, who was long supposed by the ignorant to have been followed by the mythical Pope Joan. Really, however, as can be proved by coins struck at the date, Leo was immediately followed by the election of Benedict III, the Female Pope legend not even starting until four centuries later. It is, however, still occasionally to be met with amongst the very ignorant.

1245—Innocent IV at Council of Lyons solemnly deposes the Emperor of Germany.

1429—Coronation of King Charles VII of France, in presence of St. Joan of Arc.

1868—First of the weekly Ecstasies of Louise Lateau, afterwards famous in the history of Stigmata.

July Eighteenth

1791—Seminary opened at One Mile Tavern, Baltimore. This was the first Catholic Seminary in the United States.

1830—Sister Catherine Laboure of the Miraculous Medal sees in Paris her first Vision.

1831—Corner stone laid of first Church in present Diocese of Buffalo, though Church not opened till following year. Site presented by Mr. Louis le Coultreux.

1870—Promulgation of Dogma of Papal Infallibility.

1928—Examination of Mademoiselle Gestas at Lourdes Medical Bureau. This was a modern Lourdes Cure.

July Nineteenth

1560—James Betoun, Archbishop of Glasgow and last surviving prelate of the ancient Scottish Hierarchy, goes into exile. Hierarchy of Scotland not restored until 1878.

1836—Death in France of Cardinal Lefebvre de Cheverus, Archbishop of Bordeaux. Had been first Bishop of Boston. Buried Bordeaux.

1844—Papal Brief entrusts to Marist Fathers the missions of the Solomon Islands in the Pacific. And the next year Bishop Epalle killed and three Fathers sacrificed and eaten. (1903 mission made a

Prefecture Apostolic.)

1847—First canonical erection of Sodality of Children of Mary Immaculate.

1850—John Hughes, Bishop of New York, becomes first Archbishop of New York.

1870—Outbreak of Franco-Prussian War and Vatican Council indefinitely prorogued.

1913—Island of Formosa created a Prefecture.

July Twentieth

1164—Death of Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris.

1213—King John of England having made his humble submission to the Holy See (he had plundered the clergy and been excommunicated.) Innocent III removes the Ban.

1219—Great assembly of English Bishops and Barons in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The prelude to the famous Magna Charta.

1369—Birth of Saint Peter of Luxemburg, the Bishop who entered his Diocese with bare feet.

1865—Political intrigues in Spain and the famous Father Claret, confessor to the Spanish Queen, banished the Court. An enormous sensation at the time.

1903—Death of Pope Leo XIII, aged ninety-three. Left 90,000 lire to the poor.

July Twenty-first

1061—Death of Nicholas II, a French Pope.

1542—Pope Paul III establishes the Holy Office at Rome. This Inquisition, about which such mountains of nonsense have been written, was really a tribunal of six Cardinals set up as a Court of Appeal to deal with trials on matters of Faith!

1773—Temporary Dissolution of the Society of Jesus.

1874—All Catholic Associations in Berlin ordered to be closed.

1899—Pope urges Devotion to the Sacred Heart in June.

1913—Coronation of Shah of Persia in whose reign special Courts were set up for native Catholics of Persian cities.

1915—Monsignor Tacci, Papal Nuncio and senior member of the Diplomatic Corps in Brussels, attends High Mass at St. Gudule's, the Belgian national festival being kept in spite of the German War Occupation.

1926—Seventh centennial celebrations of St. Francis open at Assisi, Italy.

July Twenty-second

1456—Crusaders under Prince Hunyadi of Transylvania beat Turks at Battle of Belgrade.

1519—Birth of Innocent IX, Pope for two months in 1591.

1799—Birth of Pauline Marie Jaricot, of Lyons in France, foundress of Society for Propagation of the Faith.

1817—Death of Francois Philippe Charpentier, a celebrated scientific inventor and very famous in the history of lighthouses. Educated in Jesuit College.

1852—Clare Elections, Ireland. Anti-Catholic rioting and the English soldiers ordered to fire on the crowd. Six deaths.

1874—Priest at Bodmin, England, appeals for funds to buy a second-hand organ, the Catholic Chapel having for its sole music a flute.

1903—King and Queen of England then on tour in Ireland send through Cardinal Logue to the Sacred College a message of condolence on death of Pope Leo XIII.

July Twenty-third

1099—End of First Crusade.

1834—Birth in Baltimore of James Gibbons, future Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore and Primate of the United States of America. Of West of Ireland ancestry.

1847—Papal Brief sets up new status of See of Jerusalem, vacant since 1291, except for a merely titular Patriarchate.

1873—French National Assembly votes funds for building of Basilica of Sacré Coeur, Paris, as a national work. (The Cathedral was erected by way of reparation for the Ungodliness of France which led to the defeat of the Franco-Prussian War and for the excesses of the subsequent Commune.)

1875—Pope Pius IX revives the ancient Latin Archbishopric of Athens in Greece, originally founded by St. Paul himself, but vacant since the Turkish Conquest of 1483.

July Twenty-fourth

1823—Birth of Coventry Patmore, poet and author. For twenty years Librarian at the British Museum, London. Convert to Catholicism.

1871—Repeal by English Parliament of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act of 1851. This had forbidden Catholic Bishops to take a territorial title from any place in England, had at the time of its passing created enormous controversy, had been absolutely ignored as totally useless, and now was quietly repealed when it was wholly forgotten.

1871—Pope presented with two large volumes of autograph signatures of Roman citizens declaring undying adherence to the cause of the Temporal Power. Had been collected in secret, in spite of the vigilance of the police of New Italy. The Government, however, ignored them and by a faked return showed to the world an enormous percentage of the population of Rome voting in favor of the new order and against the Papacy.

1872—Female Catholic Protector, the "House of the Holy Angels," at Westchester, New York, burned down. Suspected incendiarianism.

July Twenty-fifth

44—Traditional date death of St. James the Great, Apostle and Martyr, patron of Spain.

1471—Death of Thomas a Kempis, author of the "Imitation of Christ."

1492—Death of Innocent VIII, a Pope who sent missionaries out to the Congo in Africa.

1587—Japan orders all Catholic missionaries to quit the country within twenty days.

1892—Received at the Spanish-place Church, London, "John Oliver Hobbes," the famous authoress.

1898—Leo XIII's letter to the Scottish Bishops that "Many of the Scottish people who do not agree with us in Faith yet sincerely love the name of Christ."

1917—Consecration of the first Vicar-Apostolic of Alaska. In 1867 the Territory had been sold by Russia to U. S. A., no Catholic priest being heretofore allowed in Alaska. In 1872 Catholic missions began there.

July Twenty-sixth

1016—Death of St. Symeon of Mantua, a Saint who had spent most of his life in wandering about on foot from Shrine to Shrine, having in this way visited places as far apart as Rome, Jerusalem, and Compostella. And cf. the modern St. Joseph Benedict Labre.

1471—Death of Paul II, the Pope who granted to Cardinals the red biretta.

1816—Arrival at Baltimore of three Lazarist Priests and one Brother to work in the vast and still undeveloped West. First Lazarists in U. S. A.

1869—Disestablishment of the officially supported State Protestant Church of Ireland.

1902—Great demonstrations in Paris against the Government closing of the Catholic schools.

1905—One hundred and seventy thousand pilgrims at the Shrine of St. Anne of Beaupre near Quebec.

July Twenty-seventh

1263—Urban IV approves new Rule of Convent of the Humility of Blessed Virgin, a Sisterhood founded by Blessed Isabel of France, the princess sister of St. Louis of France, King Louis IX.

1551—John Poynt, Protestant Bishop of Winchester, divorces himself from his wife, the lady herself being in turn the divorced wife of a butcher, to whom she paid a regular annuity out of the Bishop's episcopal revenues to keep his mouth shut.

1609—Beatification of Ignatius Loyola. (Canonized 1622.)

1858—Torture and execution of Monsignor Melchior, French missionary, Bishop to Tonquin in Cochin China. Before his death his arms and legs were cut off.

1870—Birth of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, distinguished Catholic author and historian.

1873—New Spanish Constitution separates Church and State.

1892—Decree of Holy Office forbids priests to allow Last Sacraments to Catholics who have directed their bodies to be cremated.

July Twenty-eighth

1591—Papal Bull *Ecclesiae Christi* conforms the Society of Jesus.

1849—Charles, King of Sardinia, dies in a Monastery in Portugal.

1915—Pope Benedict XV makes his third Appeal to end the World War.

1917—Creation of Dioceses of Wilcannia-Forbes and of Wagga-Wagga in Australia.

July Twenty-Ninth

1030—Martyrdom of St. Olaf or Olave, King of Norway.

1247—Cardinal William of Sabina sent by the Pope to Bergen

to crown Haakon King of Norway. The Cardinal while there abolishes "ordeals" on ground that "it is not seemly for Christians to challenge God to settle their disputes."

1507—Death in Lisbon of Martin Behaim whose globe is the oldest of all existing geographical globes.

1536—Lutheran capture of Copenhagen seals the fate of the Church in Denmark, though Catholicism had struck so deeply into the feelings of the people that it partly survived for a whole century later.

1657—First Sulpicians leave Quebec for the hamlet of Ville-Marie. We now call it Montreal.

July Thirtieth

579—Death of Benedict I, the Pope who imported corn from Egypt during an Italian famine.

1540—Thomas Abell taken from Tower of London and executed at Smithfield, London. Had been confessor to Queen Catherine, Henry VIII's first and only legal wife. The mark scratched by Father Abell on the wall of his cell in the Beauchamp Tower must have been shown to tens of thousands of American visitors, most of whom would never know what it was. An "A" and the drawing of a Bell.

1804—Society of Jesus restored in Kingdom of the Two Sicilies (Sicily and Naples), the Fathers during the suspension having been known not as Jesuits but as Fathers of the Faith, Clerks of the Sacred Heart, etc.!

July Thirty-first

1498—Columbus discovers Trinidad, so naming it because he had vowed to dedicate to the Holy Trinity the first land that he might come upon in this voyage.

1556—Death of St. Ignatius Loyola.

1811—Execution by firing party of Father Miguel Hidalgo, founder of the Republic of Mexico whose freedom from Spain he had begun.

1844—Foundation stone laid of Church of Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London, England's famous Jesuit Church. Opened 1849.

1845—Political turmoil in Ireland, a Mr. Watson, an English Magistrate supposed to be impartial having in the end to be dismissed for having actively promoted an Orange Lodge!

Illustrations by T. R. Booth

These Two Are One

By JEROME
HARTE BOSMAN

THE headlights of the little car cut a white path in the dense blackness of the country road, and the trees that lined the road looked as though they were not green but silver-coated. As the car streaked on through the night and the voice of the man at her side droned, the girl thought ceaselessly: "An outsider who was at all interested in this would have to know all about me—my antecedents and my upbringing, the fundamental differences between my father and my mother—and compare them before he or she could understand how I got into the jam I'm in, tonight!"

All at once, she ceased to listen to her companion. She had been sitting tense and straining on the edge of the car seat, staring ahead at the white slash of light and aside at the darkness that streamed back and by them like a living thing; she had been arguing with the man at the wheel, trying to keep her rage and panic from breaking through the studied calm of her voice. Her hope, she had been telling herself for miles now, lay not in hysterics, not in a scene. Men hated those. If she were to gain her point—if she were to get him to keep his promise to her—she must do it by means of reason and logic.

But she could not go on listening to him, answering him! She relaxed, slumping away from him, her shoulder pressed against the door of the car. She thought, bitterly: "Divorce! What the institution of divorce has done to me!"

Memory projected itself along the shaft of light that moved ahead of the car and summoned, in mesmeric mood, quondam phases of her life that had led her to this night.

Her mother. It was not strange that she recalled her mother as a



In the speeding car the girl smiled—a twisted smile.

photograph upon a section of wallpaper. She could remember no more than that of her mother. Her only other impressions were stories told to her when she was growing up in her grandmother's house. "Your mother," her austere father said, simply, "was a very pretty, vivacious young woman. But she was opinionated and willful; and she was not of our Faith. Religion might have given her the balance wheel she lacked; the balance wheel I pray God your grandmother and I are giving you by instilling into your young mind a lasting comprehension of the One and Only Belief!"

A hardness crept into the face of the young girl in the dark interior of the little car. Much good his teaching was! She was her mother's daughter!

Across the years she heard her cousins whispering in her childish hearing the tale her father and grandmother would have spared her. "Divorce, my dear! She would hear of nothing but divorce! She went on about it for days and weeks! Of course, Joseph would not listen! He would walk out of the house as soon as she began! At last, she ran away and got her divorce in Reno. Then the other man married her. It was a terrible scandal!"

"Joseph would never recognize

that there *was* a divorce. She was always his wife. On the first of every month, he deposited her allowance in the bank. She would never touch a penny of it, but he used to say, 'She is still my wife and entitled to an allowance.' When she was dead, it all lay in the bank, intact. It is still there, drawing interest. Jean will inherit it when she is of age."

Of course, thought the girl, tonight, her father never recognized that her mother was no longer his wife, that she had divorced him! He had been like that.

She wondered what would have happened to her, Jean Welch, if her mother had lived any length of time after the Reno divorce and her marriage to the other man.

WITH a wife that some women have with men, even the judge of a court, her mother had won the custody of her baby in the divorce proceedings—her baby whom she had deserted when she had run away from her husband. Dim outlines of those terrible days danced in the glare of the headlights. Her husband, who had refused to fight the divorce action because he denied the existence of divorce itself, fought the judge's awarding of the child with every ounce of his strong, stubborn will. He said: "My wife may have had her

child to love and to rear in my home, which is her home, and only there! My wife's place is in her home with me and with our child." They lived in a state of siege; there had been a flight by night, when Jean was too young to know or to remember, of her father and herself, and weeks of hiding.

Her mother had never seen her baby daughter after the night she went away. The months dragged, full of a terror that had left its mark upon the child. And then, tragedy came with a terrible swiftness to the willful, pretty one: in less than six months after her marriage to the other man, he and she were killed in a motor accident. Joseph Welch claimed and buried the body as "My beloved wife, Katherine Jean Welch."

In the blackness of the speeding car, the girl smiled a twisted, unlovely smile. Were all men alike, no matter their religion or lack of it? Did they, more than women, look upon the marriage vow as indissoluble?

SHE shivered. She never rebelled against her father's precepts or against the rigidity of her life under his authority. She had been happy because she had not known any other life, then. When death claimed him, she mourned him sincerely and went on living, for a time, as he had wished her to live.

But it had been her fate, a year after his death, to meet the man who now rode beside her in this car, just as it had been her fate to have a mother who looked upon marriage overlightly and a father who was unbendingly tenacious of the sacredness of the marriage vow. The warring factors within her nature would have made an absorbing psychological study, for they had warped her young judgment; and, by bringing her to this night, had wrecked her whole young life.

She had thought, a little while ago, that she was mistress of this situation, custodian of her own destiny. Bah! Destiny had her by the throat, shaking her violently, "As if I were a rag doll!"

She could see her grandmother's angry face in the moving shaft of light ahead, hear her sharp voice above the droning of the engine: "No good Catholic girl should have anything to do with a man who doesn't live with his wife! Divorced, is he! Shame on you! You're as bad as your mother!"

She was. But the man beside her was not like the man with whom her mother had fallen in love! He had married her mother! But now, tonight, suddenly the man to whom Jean Welch had given her heart, the man for whom she had cast aside the traditions of her life—the man with whom she was *eloping*—had told her that he was not going to marry her.

She jerked her mind back to the reality of his voice. Oh! he was saying the same things over and over! She wanted to scream, to beat her hands upon the windshield in an agony of battered pride. But she must not. Her salvation—she called it that!—lay in keeping her head.

She interrupted him: "But you knew all this months ago, when you first met me! You knew all this before you met me, when you got your divorce from your wife!"

"You are not listening, Jean!" he told her, patiently. "I've been explaining to you that I didn't seem to sense it until tonight, after I had seen her!"

"Why did you go to see her? You never go to see her!"

"I know I never do. But today someone told me that she had been very ill, and I felt guilty, and I went to the house. I do not give her much money. I was afraid she would not have care. She was my wife, once, you know—we two were one."

"You should have thought of that before you asked me to marry you!"

"I know all that! Men are selfish beasts, Jean. I didn't think. But when I got into the house today and she came to meet me, something gave way in my head and I saw clearly that she and I were one, that we would always be one, and that I could not marry another woman! 'What God hath joined together—'"

"You told me you had no religion!" she rasped.

"It isn't a question of religion. I have got no religion! It isn't that. I don't know how to explain it, but there's something about it when a man and a woman marry—they're one, I tell you, like the preacher says! And they can never be two, again!"

"You and she haven't even a child to hold you together!"

"That makes me see that she needs me more. But it isn't the point. The point is that people who marry stay married in spirit. They are one!"

"You are talking rot!" shrilled the girl. She could not control her rage. "You are not thinking of me! I've

thrown discretion to the winds for you, jeopardized my good name! You've told people we were to be married! I've told people. And tonight, when my old grandmother found me out and locked me in my room, I packed a suitcase and crawled out with it—to you! You had begged me to go to the city with you and be married! You have talked of nothing else! Do you think I would have run around with you if I had guessed you would wait until the eleventh hour and then turn back on me, tonight, because you want to remarry your first wife tomorrow? Or that you were going to develop this new, this strange, this altogether Catholic thesis about a man and woman being one?"

"It's a good thesis," the man said, sullenly. "I am not going to marry you. I am going back to my wife."

The girl in the car broke down, then, and wept stormily. "You are thinking only of yourself! She is thinking only of herself!"

The man beside her stiffened and his voice took on an edge. "Leave her out of it!" he commanded, roughly. "She is my wife!"

That was the end! The girl knew she had lost her fight, that she had never had a chance of winning it. She wiped her eyes and rolled the wet little ball of her handkerchief between trembling fingers. She struggled for control of her voice, fought for some show of dignity in her plight.

"Of course," she said, "I cannot go home. Grandma would never understand, and I do not wish to face her. Take me to a hotel, any hotel, and leave me there!"

HE slackened the speed of the car, spoke with a relieved, a lightened voice. "Just look out on that side for a driveway or a road, will you," he said, "so that we may turn around."

She stared straight ahead at the light cutting through the black night. "Keep on!" she ordered, sharply. "There are hotels in the city! I tell you I will not go back! I will never go back, now!"

"There, Jean, don't be silly!" There was almost a gay note in his voice, now that she had come to some understanding of his determination not to marry her but to return to his wife. "Don't be a silly child! You've got to go back! It will be all right! I talked it over with my wife this afternoon. She

agreed with me that we must shield you from censure and gossip as much as we can—indeed the suggestion comes from her that I shall bring you back to her house tonight. She will be waiting up for us. And she has telephoned your people and your priest and has told them not to worry

about you, that you are safe!"

The girl laughed, wildly. She threw herself around, with her back to him, her hot face pressed against the cold pane of the car door, and laughed long and hysterically. The man paid no heed. He was intent on turning the car in the narrow road;

he was speeding back over the way they had come. Her high-pitched laughter resolved itself into tempestuous weeping.

In the midst of her abandoned grief, she sensed the great relief of the man beside her,—that was settled, he was saying to himself! And "What God hath joined together—" hammered on her brain, over the insistent drone of the hot engine as they tore through the night.

JEAN WELCH thought the ride and the night would never end, that she would never stop crying. But she was quiet when, hours later—for they had driven a long way while she sought to convince him that he was wrong, that he should marry her as he had intended—they turned in at the little house in the sleeping village where his wife dwelt. The house was lighted.

"She has waited up for us!" cried the man, his brakes shrieking to a sudden stop before the door, his horn shattering the silence of the night. "She has been sick! She shouldn't have stayed up!" The girl gritted her teeth.

The door of the house opened and a woman stood framed in the light. "I've been waiting!" she cried, and her voice sang. Jean thought, savagely: "The triumphant female! She has won—she the old, discarded wife against the young woman this man said he loved and wished to marry!" The man put out his hand to help the girl, but she struck it away. She got out, stiffly, and moved like a wooden thing, toward the light.

The woman smiled at her, shyly, uncertainly. "Do come in," she said, and drew the girl into the warm bright room. The man followed, awkwardly, with the suitcase.

"You must be cold," the woman said, making conversation. "There is a touch of winter in the air, tonight. Come to the fire. Here, this chair is very comfortable. Let me take your hat and coat. I have the kettle on. You would like a hot drink, I know. And I made some sandwiches. I thought perhaps you would both be hungry. I can make you either hot tea or coffee, whichever you prefer. Or milk. Hot milk." Jean sat unmoving and stared at the wife out of a hard young face still swollen from her tears. She would not, could not speak. The woman turned to the man. "Will you make the coffee?" she asked. "I think you may remember where the



Jean stared out of a hard young face.

light turns on in the kitchen." He was glad to get out of the room.

The girl stared, numbly, after his retreating figure. She thought: "Why, he's old. I never realized until tonight how old he is. Seeing her makes me see that he is old." She had always thought of him as her contemporary, because she had fallen in love with him. But she could see, now, that he was, instead, the contemporary of this woman with her

marry you, so I telephoned a minister who said he would come here, at any hour I called him, and marry you and Jim——"

THE girl's swollen lips parted. "I'm not going to marry him!" she cried.

"I wish to be your friend," the woman went on, and her breath was short. "You must stay with me until—until your grandmother or your

do?" the woman asked the man.

"I decided that this afternoon!" he said. "I've been a blind fool, but I'll spend the rest of my life trying to make it up to you!" They looked at one another, intently, and the woman smiled. The girl by the fire beat her hands together. How coolly they brushed her aside! Jean Welch and her bruised heart meant nothing to them!

"Well—" said the woman vaguely.



The girl stared after his retreating figure. "Why, he's old."

soft, graying hair, her tired face, her eyes with tiny wrinkles at their corners.

THE woman spoke rapidly, nervously. "I could not be sure what you would do, what he would wish to do, so I tried to be prepared for—anything. This afternoon he said—But he might have changed his mind! He tired of me before and wished the divorce. He might, after all, wish to

priest can come for you. It—will be—all right."

The man came to the door with a plate of sandwiches in one hand and a steaming pot of coffee in the other. "The kettle was on the boil," he explained, "and it didn't take long for the coffee to perc. I can recommend these sandwiches!"

The girl refused, sullenly, to eat or drink.

"Have you decided what you will

Then, she added: "When you have finished your coffee, I think you had better go, don't you?"

"All right! But I will be back tomorrow with the license!" He did not look, again, at the girl. The woman went with him to the door; and Jean heard the car start, noisily, off down the street.

By and bye, the woman came back with sheets and blankets. "I thought you might like a bed made up here

beside the fire. The flicker of the dying flames upon the ceiling is soothing and comforting." She began to make up a bed upon the couch.

"I opened your suitcase and took out your night things—I hope you won't mind. And I drew a hot bath for you." The girl stared at her, stonily. "A hot bath," the woman went on, gently, "does wonders when one is unhappy—a hot bath, some food, a palatable drink, and a smooth bed. As you grow older, you will know that those things are, after all, the best life offers most of us!"

She straightened up and stood, uncertainly, beside the bed she had made. "I am so sorry about tonight," she said.

"Why should you be sorry?" stormed the girl. "You won him back, didn't you? You got him again!"

The woman sighed. "I don't think of it as that. Men are often—polygamous. Jim is. He tired of me,

once. He will tire of me, again. He would have tired of you—but you would not have had what I had to draw him back: the first marriage tie. I think there are many women in most men's lives, but only one—living wife. The institution of marriage is a strange thing—it gets you! The ceremony says that a man and a woman are one till death parts them, and somehow, they are. No matter how far they may drift apart, they can never be two again!"

She was looking wistfully now at Jean. "You should have been our daughter," she said. "Jim needed a daughter or a son. Jim is not unkind or cruel. He would not hurt or injure you or me, willingly. He is only thoughtless and—restless. If he had had a daughter, he would not have gone off chasing this will of the wisp called—happiness. . . . Your bath will get cold."

Mechanically, numbly, Jean came back and lay between the sheets. The woman was waiting for her with a

glass of hot milk, but the girl would not taste it.

"Please try to sleep," the woman said. "If you could only believe me when I say we suffer most poignantly when we are young, but it is soon over, then! When we are older, the suffering is less devastating, but it goes on, always."

The girl lay and stared at the fire, her young face distorted. "Why do I lie down?" she cried. "I cannot sleep!"

But some time later, she felt a light kiss upon her cheek and saw the figure of the woman against the fire. She would have asked her the time, but the woman faded and the girl was in the car again, speeding through the night, with the glare of the headlights slashing a path through the dense darkness ahead.

Presently, the glare of the headlights gave way to aching sunshine in her face. Jean Welch had awakened to another day.

An American Tribute to Pius IX

By LOUISE MALLOY

A PROPOS of the recent figuring of the Pope in the news of the day, and the recalling of the fact that the restoration of the temporal power was accomplished by him, making the Papal See independent of other rulers, it may be interesting to recall an episode which is probably unknown to a large number of American Catholics of the present day. This event was a non-denominational mass meeting in New York City called to congratulate Pope Pius IX. on his institution of constitutional reforms in Rome, and on his efforts in the cause of the popular welfare.

One of the first acts of Pius IX. when elected Pope in 1846 was to proclaim a general amnesty to all political offenders whether in prison or exile, and to put a stop to all pending prosecution of political prisoners.

Another of his reforms was the abolition of the Ghetto, by which Jews were confined to a certain section of the city, the restoration of their liberty and the prohibition under severe penalty of any insult or injustice offered members of that race.

He also allowed them to appoint a successor to their High Priest, then dead twelve years. The grateful Jews included in the ceremony of installing their High Priest a hymn for the Pope, written in the choicest Hebrew.

The Pope likewise took a decided step in granting constitutional freedom to the people of his dominions by instituting a Council of State to be composed of representatives from every province chosen by popular vote to assist the Pope in his government. This Council was to be divided into four sections: the first, of legislation; the second, of finance; the third, of internal administration, commerce and manufactures; and the fourth, of the army, public works, prisons, etc. This movement was intended to be the basis of still broader reforms in the civil administration of the Papal States.

In addition to this, Pope Pius issued an ordinance for the construction of four railways from Rome to various points. He also authorized the citizens to form their own local guard, which was regarded as a remarkable concession. Other measures

were concerned with the tariff, the development of the material resources of his dominions and, where possible, the reduction of taxes.

THESE measures attracted general attention, one of the most striking instances being the meeting in New York in November, 1847. It is doubtful whether such a demonstration in one country of approval of conduct in another nation ever took place. For this was not a gathering of Catholics in America to mark approval of the acts of their spiritual head, but one of men and women of every denomination, a contemporary account saying, "there were representatives of every creed and persuasion in this community," and that while "the meeting was emphatically American, mingling in the crowd were representatives of all the nations in Europe as well as of Southern America." The object of this remarkable meeting was to congratulate the Pope and the Italian people on this move in favor of constitutional liberty.

The building where the meeting was held was crowded to overflow-

ing, and the same authority comments on the unusual absence of prejudice in the speakers, many of whom in their youth had had the Pope of Rome held up to them as one of the bugbears of history. William V. Brady, the Mayor of New York, presided; among the vice-presidents were Francis B. Stryker, Mayor of Brooklyn; Phineas C. Dummer, Mayor of Jersey City; Hamilton Fish, William F. Havemeyer, Horace Greeley, Vanbrugh Livingston, William C. Bryant, Lewis H. Sandford, and other well known and substantial citizens. The Mayor of New York spoke of the pleasure which it gave the American people to witness the steps taken by the head of the Catholic Church to give the blessings of political liberty to those under his temporal government, and added that the voice of the free citizens of America would rise and reach him in the Vatican.

AMONG the letters read from prominent men who had been invited to the meeting were those from ex-President Martin Van Buren, Hon. George M. Dallas, Hon. Reverdy Johnson and Hon. James Buchanan, then Secretary of State and later President of the United States.

The letter of Mr. Buchanan, dated from Washington, November 25, 1847, said in part: "I have had the honor of receiving your kind invitation to be present at the meeting proposed to be held in the City of New York on Monday next for the purpose of expressing 'the earnest sympathy with which the American people regard the efforts of Pope Pius IX. and the Italian people for national independence and constitutional freedom,' and at the same time expressing the hope that I 'approve of the proposed demonstration.'"

"While it has always been our established policy not to interfere with the forms of government or the domestic institutions of other countries, it is impossible that the American people can ever become indifferent to the cause of constitutional freedom and liberal reform in any portion of the world. The glories of the ancient time and the bright promise of the present render Italy an object of peculiar interest to the American people.

"Although my present position may be peculiar, I feel myself at liberty as an American citizen to express the sentiments of my heart in favor of the wise and judicious measures of

Pope Pius IX. to reform ancient abuses and promote the welfare of his people. These can afford no just cause of offense to any European nation. The Papal states and the other independent sovereignties of Italy have the inherent right to reform and liberalize their institutions and improve the condition of their people without the interference of any foreign power.

"I have watched with intense anxiety the movements of Pius IX. in the difficult and dangerous circumstances by which he is surrounded; and, in my opinion, they have been marked with consummate wisdom and prudence. Firm, without being rash; liberal, without proceeding to such extremes as might endanger the success of his glorious mission, he seems to be an instrument destined by Providence to accomplish the political regeneration of his country. That he may prove successful must be the wish of every lover of liberty throughout the country.

"After what I have stated, I need scarcely add that I most cordially 'approve of the proposed demonstration.' Permit me, however, to intimate the hope that while expressing the warmest admiration and sympathy of the American people for the benefactor of Italy, and their anxious desire for the triumph of the great cause with which he is identified, nothing may occur at the meeting which might by possibility afford even a pretext to the enemies of reform in other countries, to embarrass him in his progress.

"I sincerely regret that urgent and important public duties will deprive me of the pleasure of attending your meeting.

Yours very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN."

AFTER the reading of this strong letter of endorsement of the meeting, the Chairman called for the reading of the address to the Pope which had been prepared with great care and prudence. It was read by Horace Greeley. Though too long to quote in full, its main portions were as follows:

"To His Holiness, Pope Pius IX.
Venerable Father.

The people of these United States have observed with profound interest the circumstances which attended and the events which have followed your elevation to the Pontificate—an interest which has ripened into sympathy and unmeasured admiration.

"We address you not as Sovereign Pontiff, but as the wise and humane ruler of a once oppressed and discontented, now well-governed and gratefully happy people. We unite in this tribute, not as Catholics, which some of us are, while the greater number are not, but as republicans and lovers of constitutional freedom. Recent as is our national origin, wide as is the ocean which separates our beloved land from your sunny clime, we know well what Italy was in the proud days of her unity, freedom and glory—and we have faith that a lofty and benignant destiny awaits her when her people shall again be united, independent and free. In the great work of her regeneration, we hail you as a heaven-appointed instrument; and we ardently pray that your days may be prolonged until you shall witness the consummation of the wise and beneficent policy which is destined to render your name immortal.

"We, therefore, the countrymen of Washington and Franklin, of Adams and Jefferson, are well aware that you did not enter upon the course you have chosen without a deliberate renunciation of ease, of security and of aristocratic favor. We know that you must have already resigned yourself to encounter the machinations of the crafty, the hatred of the powerful, and—most painful of all—the misconceptions of the well-meaning but deluded. We know that you must have calmly resolved to encounter the untiring hostility and dread of all the unjust or tyrannical rulers who assume to lord it over any portion of the fair Italian peninsula—all who fear, or selfishly affect to fear that religion must perish if not upheld by the fleeting breath of emperors and kings. And more formidable than all these, you must have girded yourself to encounter and by God's help to overcome, that fickleness and ingratitude of multitudes just released from benumbing bondage which could clamor in the wilderness to be led back to the fleshpots of Egypt, and which in your case, we apprehend, will yet manifest itself in unreasonable expectations, extravagant hopes, impetuous requirements, and in murmurings that nothing has been earnestly intended because everything has not been already accomplished.

"To say nothing here of the clear assurance that no generous deed or endeavor can ever be really defeated or fail of its ultimate reward, we assure you, from joyful experience,

that the blessings of constitutional freedom far outweigh all the perils and sufferings through which nations advance to their achievement.

"Short as our national life has been, it has already demonstrated to every thoughtful observer the immense superiority of liberty to despotism as an element of national growth and social well-being; it has shown that the rights of persons and property may be better secured under a government which guarantees rights and powers to all than under any other; that the agitations and violence which are incident to human frailty or injustice under any form of government are far less frequent under ours than any other; and that whatever dangers may assail or threaten us have their origin not in an excess of liberty but the contrary.

"The age in which we live is one of moral rather than physical warfare—in which the artillery of the press commands and silences that of the camp—in which opinion is more potent than bayonets. We trust, therefore, that against any direct and open resort to force and bloodshed, you are shielded by the panoply of good men's approbation and sympathies throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. That Italy will be spared the devastation and Christendom the guilt and scandal of

such a contest, we will not harbor a doubt; but, in any case, we will hope that this testimonial of the interest and admiration with which you are regarded by twenty millions of people will not have been wholly in vain.

"We are, Venerable Father,
"Yours most truly."

The reading of the address was frequently interrupted with applause, and it was adopted with acclamation.

Then followed resolutions which were unanimously carried after eloquent speeches had been made in their support. These resolutions set forth the interest of Americans in the progress of free institutions in all countries, the special interest from the past glory and present conditions, felt in Italy, that all sympathized with the struggle of Italians for freedom.

The last resolution is worthy of quotation: "Resolved, That 'peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;' and that the noble attitude of Pius IX., throwing the vast influence of the pontificate into the scale of well tempered freedom, standing as the advocate of peaceful progress, the promoter at once of social amelioration, industrial development, and political reform, unmoved by the parade of hostile armies hovering on his borders, hopeful for man and

trusting in God, is the grandest spectacle of our day."

AFTER a closing address by Signor Felix Foresti, who for nine years had suffered in an Austrian dungeon for the principles advocated by the Pope, a motion was carried that the address, resolutions and such parts of the proceedings as should be judged advisable, should be properly attested and forwarded to Rome to be presented to the Pope, and that the whole proceedings should be published. This remarkable and unique demonstration was concluded by the performance by a band of Rossi's hymn to Pius IX.

When it is remembered that this demonstration was made by more non-Catholics than Catholics, and that some of the most prominent men in the United States were its speakers and endorsers and that it was a tribute paid to the Pope not as the head of a great religious body, but as a temporal ruler in favor of constitutional liberty, it must be regarded as one of the most remarkable episodes in American history, especially in the light of the bigotry displayed in later days in our national politics. The episode shows how the practical administration of the temporal power was regarded by those who had an opportunity to study it at close range.

Can I Marry Him?

Civil Divorce no Open Door to Another Marriage

By ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.

THE opinion that a civil divorce dissolves the bond of a true marriage is very widespread in this country. And no wonder. Every State in the Union, with the exception of South Carolina, grants divorce. The divorce rate is advancing so rapidly that nowhere in all the world, save perhaps in pagan Japan, is marriage so often dissolved.

Though Catholics should know better, there are many who are of the opinion that a civil divorce dissolves the bond of a true marriage, especially when the parties are non-Catholics. This opinion arises from an erroneous notion about the validity of marriage between non-Catholics.

Some Catholics, women especially, imagine that marriage is not as binding between Protestants, or the unbaptized, as between Catholics. An evidence of this attitude is had in the frequent questions addressed to Question Box Editors of Catholic magazines, asking if it is possible to marry a divorced Protestant man.

It is a cause of wonder why many Catholic women and girls are associated with divorced Protestant men with a view to marriage, when there are so many unmarried Catholic men in every parish who are looking for acceptable spouses. Can it be that divorced men, having had an intimate experience of the whims and weak-

nesses of women, know how to please Catholic girls better than unmarried Catholic men? Whatever be the reason, it is surely a cause of deep concern that any Catholic girl should consider for a moment that there is even the remotest possibility of marriage with a man who has been civilly divorced.

To one who asks: "Can I marry a divorced man?" this simple answer can be given: "By no means. A civil divorce does not, in Catholic teaching, dissolve the bond of a true marriage, no matter between whom the marriage was contracted."

This answer is plain enough. But

it may not be comprehended by those to whom it is directed. Those who have become infatuated with individuals who have been divorced somehow hope that a way out will be found in their case, because *their* case is "an exception." It is my purpose to show why it is that a civil divorce cannot dissolve the bond of a true marriage.

DIVORCE in a wide sense means a separation. With reference to marriage, a divorce may mean either a separation of the married parties as to bed and board, or habitation; or a dissolution of the marriage bond with the freedom to marry again. The former is an incomplete divorce, the latter a complete divorce, or a *vinculo*, that is, from the marriage bond. It is this latter kind of divorce which the civil power has no authority to grant with respect of a true marriage. This conclusion follows from the doctrine that marriage, of its very nature and without regard to Christian teaching, is monogamous and indissoluble.

MARRIAGE, according to the law of nature, has two essential properties: Unity and Indissolubility.

Unity means that marriage should obtain only between one husband and one wife; in other words nature demands monogamous marriage. That monogamous marriage was the primitive institution is clear from the words of Adam, the first man to be united to a wife. When God presented Eve to him as his wife, Adam said: "this now is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh . . . wherefore a man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife and they shall be two in one flesh." (*Gen.* 2:23-24.) Husband and wife are one principle in the generation of offspring.

Though the unity of marriage was not perfectly observed, even among the Jews, only monogamous marriage is permitted to men since the time of Christ. He explicitly restored marriage to its original unity. In answer to the Pharisees, who tried to ensnare Him in His speech, Christ made use of the very words of Adam, when prescribing monogamous marriage: "have you not read that He Who made man from the beginning made them male and female? And He said for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and adhere to his wife, and they two shall be in

one flesh. Therefore they are no longer two, but one flesh." (*Matt.* 19:3.)

Whatever may have happened between the institution of marriage and the time of Christ, it is now certain that henceforth marriage must be monogamous. Polygamy, whether polygamy (the union of one husband to many wives) or polyandry (the union of wife with many husbands) is forbidden, not only by divine positive law, but also by the law of nature. Therefore not only Christians, but also pagans and infidels are bound to observe monogamy.

THE second property of marriage is Indissolubility. This property means that marriage of its own nature is perpetual, that is, marriage entered into between parties free to marry must last until death. Marriage by its very institution was not only monogamous but also indissoluble. The perpetuity of marriage is indicated by the words of Adam: "wherefore a man shall leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." That word *cleave* means that he must stick to his wife and she to him until death. They may under certain conditions separate from one another, but they must not attempt to marry again as long as both remain alive.

The indissolubility of marriage is demanded by the very law of nature, as well as by the divine positive law. The propagation and education of children, being the primary object of the institution of marriage, the proper and efficacious fulfillment of this purpose demands the perpetual union of father and mother. This should be obvious to everyone. If any one doubts about this wise provision of nature it is sufficient to point to the nation of fatherless children in Soviet Russia, who, if they survive at all, become like packs of stray dogs. Surely, such a condition is a violation of the very instincts of humanity. Nature wishes to achieve her ends by proper methods. The casting off of children by parents is unnatural.

Not only is the abandonment of children unnatural, but also the casting off of wives, even supposing that their children have been nurtured to majority, is contrary to the natural law. Parents who have brought children into the world and afterward see them depart from the parental home, need one another's company

as a solace in old age. Furthermore, for a husband to cast off his wife after she has borne children to him, when she has lost her beauty and grace, is most unjust. She is treated not as a wife and companion, but as a machine. Nature never intended husbands to act in that fashion.

While it is true that the Israelites dismissed their wives with a bill of divorce, it was permitted them by Moses because of the "hardness of their hearts." It is generally admitted by theologians that such a divorce gave both parties the right to marry again. But this concession was explicitly revoked by the very Authority Who gave it through Moses. When the Pharisees asked Christ if it was permitted to put away their wives, alleging the permission of Moses, Christ answered: "Moses because of the hardness of your hearts permitted you to put away your wives, *but from the beginning it was not so. Wherefore what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.*" (*Matt.* 19:3 seq.)

The divorce allowed to the Israelites was, therefore, an exception to the natural law, for "*from the beginning it was not so.*" Christ restored marriage both to its original unity and indissolubility for He came to "make all things new." Unity and indissolubility are by reason of this restoration properties inhering in every true marriage, not only among the baptized but also among the unbaptized. The Church teaches this in explicit terms: "from valid marriage there arises between the parties a bond which is *by its very nature* perpetual and indissoluble." (Canon 1110.) Christ made no exception in His prohibition of *man-granted* divorce. His words are general: "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Is there not something extremely bold in a man's dissolving what God has joined?

THERE are three exceptions to the indissolubility of marriage, even after the promulgation of the Gospel. The first regards a marriage contracted between two infidels (that is, unbaptized persons), and the second and third between baptized Christians. The first exception is known as the Pauline Privilege, which was promulgated by St. Paul in God's name. See 1 Cor. chapter 7:12-15. The second and third exceptions regard marriage validly entered into between two baptized persons, but not con-

summated. Such a marriage may be dissolved by solemn profession in a Religious Order, and by dispensation of the Pope. (Canon 1119.) By virtue of the solemn religious profession the bonds of a ratified but unconsummated marriage is dissolved, and the party remaining in the world is free to marry again. Both parties of an unconsummated marriage may marry again when the bond is dissolved by dispensation of the Supreme Pontiff.

The reader may think that these exceptions to indissolubility are contrary to the will of Christ and destructive of the reformed standard of marriage set up by Him. The Pauline Privilege, however, may be used only when the infidel refuses to dwell any longer with the convert, or renders the practice of the Christian religion very difficult to the convert. In such instances St. Paul teaches that the baptized party "is not under servitude," that is, he is allowed by God to contract another marriage with a Christian, which marriage dissolves the one contracted in infidelity.

THE two exceptions with regard to unconsummated marriages of Christians are made by the Church in her capacity as representative of Christ. Until a sacramental marriage between Christians has been consummated it fails to attain that completion which perfectly represents the indissoluble union of Christ with His Church. None of the three instances of a dissolution of a true marriage involves the prohibition of man-made divorce. The Pauline Privilege has been granted by the Apostle with divine authority, and the two instances of a dissolution of non-consummated marriages by the Church are the effect of divine authority granted to the Church.

Let no one say that these dissolutions indicate a subtle manner of granting divorce. The Popes who, as representatives of Christ, have always rigorously upheld the indissolubility of consummated marriages between Christians, even though, as in the case of England under Henry VIII, it meant the loss of a nation, are not to be considered as departing from Christ's purposes when they dissolve a ratified but unconsummated marriage for the reasons alleged above. These cases are rare and in no way derogate from the standard of marriage set up by Christ. They are exceptions because perpetuity of the

marriage bond is the rule. And exceptions always prove the rule.

CHRIST made exceptions to the perpetuity of marriage through St. Paul and the Church. But He gave no grant of power to the civil authority to dissolve the bond of a true marriage: "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

While the State may legislate in matrimonial affairs, even with reference to Christians, such legislation must not touch the bond of marriage when once contracted. All that the State can do is to legislate with regard to the civil effects of Christian marriage. Civil effects are license, registration rights of inheritance, etc. The Church recognizes this right of the State: "the marriages of baptized persons is regulated not only by divine law, but also by civil law, the civil power being competent in regard to the civil effects of marriage." (Canon 1016.)

The State, moreover, may constitute impediments, which are not contrary to reason and the natural law, with respect to marriages between unbaptized persons. As long as a person is not baptized he does not come under the matrimonial jurisdiction of the Church. The Roman Congregations recognize the right of the State to regulate their marriages. But the Church does not admit the right of the State to grant a divorce *a vinculo* from any true marriage, whether between Christians or between infidels.

Due to the false teachings of the Reformers and the consequent indifferentism marriage has been widely regarded as a purely natural contract, and therefore capable of being dissolved by the State like other contracts. This is an error condemned by Pope Pius IX in his famous Syllabus. Leo XIII in his encyclical *Arcanum* also reprobated the practice of granting civil divorces over true marriages. Pius XI repeated his illustrious predecessor's condemnation in his recent encyclical on marriage *Casti Connubii*: "inviolable stability, although not in the same perfect measure in every case, belongs to every true marriage, for the word of the Lord, 'what God hath joined together let no man put asunder,' must of necessity include all true marriages without exception, since it was spoken of the marriage of our first parents, the prototype of every future marriage. Therefore, although before Christ the sublimeness and severity

of the primeval law was so tempered that Moses permitted to the chosen people of God on account of the hardness of their hearts that a bill of divorce might be given in certain circumstances, nevertheless, Christ, by virtue of His supreme legislative power, recalled this concession of greater liberty and restored the primeval law in its integrity by those words which must never be forgotten, 'what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Wherefore, Our Predecessor, Pius VI of happy memory, writing to the Bishop of Agria, most wisely said: 'hence it is clear that marriage even in the state of nature and certainly long before it was raised to the dignity of a sacrament was divinely instituted in such a way that it should carry with it a perpetual and indissoluble bond, which cannot therefore be dissolved by any civil law. Therefore, although the sacramental element may be absent from a marriage as in the case among unbelievers, still in such a marriage, inasmuch as it is a true marriage, there must remain, and indeed there does remain that perpetual bond which by divine right is so bound up with matrimony from its first institution that it is not subject to any civil power. And so, whatever marriage is said to be contracted, either it is so contracted that it is really a true marriage, in which case it carries with it that enduring bond which by divine right is inherent in every true marriage; or it is thought to be contracted without that perpetual bond, in which case there is no true marriage, but an illicit union opposed of its very nature to the divine law, which therefore cannot be entered into or maintained'."

From the foregoing remarks the reader will see that the civil power, according to the teaching of the Church, has no authority to grant a divorce *a vinculo* from any true marriage and that the possession, therefore, of a civil decree of divorce cannot before God give any persons so divorced the right to marry again, while the other party to the civilly dissolved marriage is still alive, "for what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Either the marriage was valid or it was not. If valid, a civil divorce has no effect on the bond; if invalid, there was no bond to be dissolved. In any case let no Catholic imagine that it is possible to marry one who has obtained a civil divorce from a true marriage.



Where Self-Pity is Justified

By DANIEL B. PULSFORD

WHEN a certain enthusiast had expressed a desire to follow our Lord wherever He went, the Master reminded him of the hardships of His wandering life; the very foxes had holes into which they might creep and the birds had their nests, but the Son of Man was homeless. There is a grim humor in this reply and certainly no attempt to elicit sympathy. Had He not chosen poverty and were not His privations voluntary? In like manner He spoke frequently of the lot which awaited Him. He was to be betrayed, insulted, scourged and finally crucified. But these prophecies contain no suggestion of self-pity.

On the contrary when, on the Mount of Transfiguration, He spoke with Moses and Elias concerning His decease He radiated a supernatural glory as though the theme was one which made His whole being glow. The severest critic could never detect anything maudlin in Jesus' references to the Cross. And when those sufferings came upon Him which He had foretold, He met them in the same spirit. A hunted wanderer, misunderstood by His closest friends, tricked by His enemies, hauled from one tribunal to another with every form

of insult, unjustly condemned to the cruellest of deaths by a pack of corrupt ecclesiastics and pursued through the streets of the city for which He was prepared to die by a verminous crowd of hooting hooligans, He remained master of Himself.

Yet it was no stoic dignity He bore. He wept, but not for Himself. When he looked from the Mount of Olives upon the massed turrets and crowded roofs of Jerusalem knowing that its denizens would soon be pouring out of their narrow alleys to see Him die, it was not of His coming agonies He thought but of the awful fate their sin would bring upon themselves. In His mind's eye He saw the Roman soldiery butchering its women and children, and the Temple that was its pride laid in ruins, and the tears of thwarted love—the love of Savior and Patriot—trickled down His cheeks. A similar characteristic is observed in an episode which occurred on the way to Calvary.

Not all of those who followed joined in the hooting. There were women in the crowd whom the sight of Jesus staggering under His cross was more than they could bear. The poignant tragedy of it! The awful horror! Their distraught wailing

could not be restrained; it broke out again and again in spite of jeers from the bystanders. Amid the hubbub, it reached the ears of the Prisoner. At once He turned to them, His marred face heavy with sorrow. "Daughters of Jerusalem," He exclaimed, "weep not over Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. Awe-stricken, they listened as He foretold the woes that should come upon their city.

HISTORY has no bloodier page than that which tells of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus in 71 A.D. Famine, fire and Roman spears accomplished a massacre in which men, women and children perished indiscriminately. To these ordinary methods of slaughter was added another which, under the circumstances, had peculiar significance. Josephus tells us that the Roman soldiers "out of the wrath and hatred they bore the Jews, nailed those they caught, one after one way, and another after another, to the crosses by way of jest." There was something more than mere "wrath and hatred" in this retribution. It was as though the Conqueror were conscious of a divine mission. To those who congratulated him on his victory, Titus replied: "It is not I

who have conquered. God, in His wrath against the Jews, has made use of my arm."

IT was the vision of this impending tragedy which haunted the mind of Jesus as He trod the way to His own death. And the thought of it blotted out self-pity. Yet the pity He would not give to Himself, he bade the weeping women feel for

angels' songs. On earth it draws the adoring love of untold millions. But those crosses on which Titus' contumacious prisoners died—who spares a thought for them to-day?

The reader who has studied the discourses of Jesus is prepared for the gesture by which He flung back the women's pity on themselves. They who had been supposed the unfortunate He pronounced blessed. It was

to say to their oppressors, "Weep not for me, weep for yourselves." Tutored by Him, Paul the prisoner could tell King Agrippa, seated in royal state, "I would thou wert as I, save these bonds." The serf learned to pray for his master as for one who had greater need than himself. It was noticed that frail women and ignorant plebians bore themselves in the tortures of martyrdom with a noble dignity and heroic fortitude that refused to ask any favor of their imperial persecutors. The world wondered to see with what gladness the weakest could die for Christ. It was a revelation of new values, a revolutionary change in the meaning of the word "fortunate."

And as He gave to the humble a holy pride, so did He disclose abysses of woe beneath the feet of those esteemed happy. He made the garments of wealth look shabby and the robes of pretentious pietism vulgar. His words hinted at terrible judgments which should overthrow man's proudest works. The sensitive might have felt the trembling of revolutionary earthquakes beneath their feet as they listened to His menacing words. Thrones and principalities have seemed somewhat more shaky since He spoke. Arrogant power is less sure of itself than once it was. A doubt has crept into the minds of men inclined to cheer at some temporary victor over the Church.



"Weep for yourselves and for your children."

themselves and their descendants. "Your commiseration," He seemed to suggest, "is misplaced. I go to My death of My own will. I offer My Life as a Holy Sacrifice. I die a Victim to man's injustice. But they of whom I speak shall perish as victim's of God's retribution."

Time has confirmed that judgment. The Cross of Christ enraptures Heaven itself and is the Theme of

the poor, the persecuted, the inoffensive to whom belonged God's richest rewards. He clothed the meek and humble with a new dignity, so that, instead of bestowing patronizing looks on them, men were taught to regard them as especially favored. Publicans and harlots, obscure peasants and slaves might enter Heaven. He said, before the great ones of this world. He taught the oppressed

THE writer of this article was once walking through one of the poorer parts of Dublin with an Englishman. "Did you ever see such poverty?" the latter asked. "It makes one's heart ache," he continued, "to think of these poor creatures condemned to live under such conditions. Their illiteracy and superstition make it worse for they are unable to help themselves." He came of an imperial race accustomed to govern and look patronizingly on "lesser breeds without the law," a race whose boast it was that they bore "the white man's burden" of responsibility for the welfare of less fortunate peoples. He came of a nation whose soil yielded great mineral wealth and who had marketed that wealth with great advantage to itself. A cultured, well-to-do Englishman, speaking with patronizing pity of those whom his countrymen had harassed and persecuted for centuries, he knew nothing of Ireland's great Treasure nor was his companion, at that time, in a

position to inform him thoroughly.

But it has since occurred to me that, had he been wiser, he would have saved his pity for those of his countrymen who had lost the Faith to which Ireland has been so heroically true. A discerning judge might well conclude that a simple peasantry, faithful to the Catholic Church and in the full enjoyment of the privileges conferred by her sacraments, even though generation after generation may have had to suffer for that fidelity, is more likely to win Christ's epithet of "blessed" than a vulgar and materialistic plutocracy.

At that time England had what is called "a higher standard of education" than the sister isle, yet the veriest Irish child knew more of what it is essential to know than the majority of Oxford and Cambridge professors. Little as he could have guessed it, the tenants of those Dublin slums might have pitied him with better justification than he could pity them for they were at least familiar with the ancient Faith of Christendom. They drew their knowledge of the Truth from the fountain-head, and their creed was not a patchwork of human guesses. They were members of that Body which had laid the foundation both of England's religion and England's culture and without which she would have been but a land of barbarism. To that holy Church of which they were natives he was an alien.

How far can Protestant and Pagan America afford to pity Latin Europe? It is richer. True, also, that its industrial activity and commercial enterprise have given it material advantages such as no nation has ever possessed before. But since when were material possessions of more value than the things of the spirit? Is it a sign of superiority to make heroines of thrice-divorced film stars, and of inferiority to revere the Virgin Mother of God? Must the Neapolitan peasant who goes barefoot to church be counted unfortunate in comparison with the well-clad citizen whose office and club are his only resources? Which is to be accounted the more enlightened—the tourist who buys as a curio the Crucifix some Bavarian craftsman has labored over with devout prayers or the man who sells it and to whom it is the symbol of a supernatural life of which the other knows nothing? Is it ignorance to know the Lives of

the Saints and "knowledge" to be acquainted with the value of all the shares quoted on the market? Shall we esteem it "culture" to be familiar with the latest fads in transatlantic psychology and philosophy and a token of "ignorance" to be tutored in the Eternal Gospel of Divine Redemption?

If we would be followers of Jesus we must learn to adjust our values to His and to see with Him where the real need for pity lies. Appearances of prosperity must not deceive us.

It was a startling paradox that the citizens of a City whose massive Temple dominated the landscape and which had settled down to the peaceful enjoyment of the strongest government the world has ever known should weep for themselves rather than for a condemned Prisoner on His way to suffer the excruciating agonies of the law's extreme penalty. But the blood-stained pages of Josephus make us aware that Jesus did not exaggerate.

Even in this world there are startling reversals of fortune which upset all the calculations of short-sighted prudence. Less than three centuries after that episode on the Via Dolorosa, the Jews would be a scattered people subject to every indignity, homeless and without national existence, while the followers of the cross-bearing Nazarene would assume the imperial purple and their religion become the acknowledged Faith of mighty Rome. In the vast stretches of human history three centuries are but a span. In the perspective of time the events at which our Lord hinted were despite all appearances to the contrary, close at hand. Can we be quite sure that, surveying our Twentieth Century civilization, He might not utter a similar warning?

We know nothing of the forces which slumber beneath the crust of the earth. We cannot tell what may be the destiny of that fierce revolutionary power working so assiduously, east and west, from Moscow. Submerged races have a strange way of upsetting the calculations of the prophets. The story of material prosperity, if the past is any guide, is doomed to be short. Carthage was once the home of a people whose galleys were on every sea and whose commercial enterprise threatened Rome itself. But the great gathering which assembled recently in what was Carthage saw naught but ruins of that former greatness. Its thoughts

were rather with the Saint who, viewing the doom both of his native land and of Rome, comforted his own heart and that of his fellow-Christians by writing "The City of God."

The Eucharistic Congress held in this once famous city so closely associated with St. Augustine reminds us of the uncertainty of history and, most of all, of the uncertainty of power resting on a material basis. The question therefore may be repeated whether the Victim of Calvary, looking on our proud civilization and listening to confident assurances that modern science had rendered the "simple credulity" of former days impossible, may not warn us with terrifying sincerity that we need not waste sentimental regrets on Him and His Church but should save our tears for ourselves and our children.

AND if His words are a warning to such as overlook their own need of pity, with what legitimate pride do they fill his obscure and humble followers! The world's scorn for us all too easily begets what the jargon of the day calls an "inferiority complex." Treated as members of a negligible Institution, conscious that, as in the days of St. Paul, "not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble" are called to embrace the Faith, we may succumb to something akin to self-pity. The social and political disadvantages of being a Catholic may weigh overmuch with us. Gradually there may creep into our minds the idea that we are struggling under a severe handicap and that our Religion offers no compensation for the pagan freedom enjoyed by others. So may we drift into a mood of self-pity.

In such moods it would be well to recall the exaltation of the Peasant Maid who, anticipating the birth of a stable-born Son, sang: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. . . . He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble." And we might remember, too, how that same Son, at the very depths of humiliation, turned with majestic dignity to tender-hearted sympathizers and bade them pity, not Him but themselves.

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The SIGN-POST

Questions & Answers

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G. D.

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CHURCH LATIN

Where can I obtain a book which may be used as an aid in the study of Church Latin?

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M. H.

You are related in the third degree of consanguinity in the collateral line, or second cousins. A dispensation is necessary since the impediment extends to the third degree.

ST. LUCILLA: PETER THE HERMIT

Will you please tell me something of the lives of St. Lucilla and St. Peter the Hermit?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

L. W.

St. Lucilla and her father St. Nemesius were among the Christians put to death in Rome by the Emperor Valerian (A. D. 254-260). Various popes interested themselves in the fitting enshrinement of their sacred remains. She is commemorated in the Martyrology on October 31st.

There is another St. Lucilla, one of a band of twenty-three Christians, described as having been put to death under the Emperor Gallienus (A. D. 259-268). There is, however, some difficulty in distinguishing them from the group of Martyrs, St. Lucy and twenty others, venerated on June 25th.

Peter the Hermit is not a canonized saint. He was born at Amiens in 1050. His life has been embellished by legend, and he has wrongly been credited with initiating the movement which resulted in the First Crusade. While contemporary historians mentioned him as only one of the numerous preachers of the Crusade, later chroniclers gave him an all-important role. Whether or not the credit of starting the movement ending in the First Crusade belongs to Peter the Hermit or to Pope Urban II, it is certain that Peter did not commence to preach the Crusade until after the Council of Clermont in 1095 at which Council Urban II appealed

to all Christians to preserve the Holy Sepulchre and to relieve the Christians in the East.

Peter's eloquence enkindled enthusiasm everywhere he went. In March, 1096, he led one of the numerous bands going to the East, and in August arrived with his army at Constantinople. After a toilsome march to Nicomedia, Peter pitched his camp at Civitot. Seeing his army without resources he returned to Constantinople to solicit aid from the Emperor Alexius. During his absence the Crusaders commanded by Walter the Penniless were massacred by the Turks near Nicaea (October, 1096). Peter assembled the remnants of his band and in May, 1097, joined the army of Godfrey of Bouillon near Nicomedia. After this he had but an unimportant part. On his return to Europe he founded the Monastery of Neufmontier, where he died in 1115.

BOOKS FOR TROUBLED MINDS

(1) *I am greatly troubled with bad thoughts despite my efforts to get rid of them. I have consulted my confessor so much that I am ashamed to go to him any more. Please, is there any book which will help me to know what to do to overcome these thoughts?*

N. N.

(2) *I am a young girl keeping company. I would like to know if you could recommend any book which would advise me in this regard.*

N. N.

There is an excellent book for each of you. The Difficult Commandment, Notes on Self-Control Especially for Young Men, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., Price 75 cents; and Into Their Company, a Book for the Modern Girl on Love and Marriage, by a Medical Woman, a Girl, and a Wife, Price \$1.00. These books can be procured through THE SIGN, adding 10% for postage.

SOME VAIN FEARS

I am very fond of children and so is my wife. Yet we have not even one because of my wife's apprehension for their life both here and hereafter. She has a terrible dread of fire, and she asserts that she could never be happy in Heaven or on earth if she thought for one moment that any child of hers should be destined to suffer the pain of even burning to death, much less weeks or years in Purgatory, not to mention a possible chance of eternal torture in Hell. I am asking you to advise us through THE SIGN POST.

N. N.

You are both denying yourselves one of the greatest joys of family life. A married couple without children, especially when they can have them, is like a tree which bears many blossoms, but no fruit. A child is the outpouring of married love, serving to bind even closer the union of two hearts that ought to beat as one.

For a wife to refuse to bear children because of fear of their probable suffering in this world, and of possible

damnation in the world to come is also to deprive them of the chance to be forever in possession of God, the Supreme Good. Neither Heaven nor Hell can be merited unless one is born.

A wife of this type is lacking in confidence in God. If her life and the life of her children in this world are to be lived without assistance from God, our Father, she has reason to fear bringing them into the world. But He Who clothes the lilies of the field and notes even the sparrow's fall, will surely care for those made according to His own image and likeness. If good parents endeavor to safeguard their children, what, think you, must be the Providence of Him Who calls himself Our Father? Human parents are but faint shadows of the Eternal Father "of Whom all paternity is named." Jesus loved little children. He blessed them and said: "let the little children come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

By refusing to bear children she is denying her husband what he has a right to expect, and thus gravely violates her marriage contract. Let her think of escaping damnation herself, instead of entertaining vain fears about unborn children. The salvation of married women depends to a great extent upon their bearing and rearing children in the love and fear of God, for St. Paul says: "she shall be saved through childbearing, if she continue in faith and love and sanctification, with sobriety" (1 Tim. 2:15). Like many other married women, who through vain fears and selfishness have declined to bear children, when they were able, your wife may regret her course later on, when it will be too late.

18 GROUNDS OF ANNULMENT

I have been told that there are 18 counts on which a marriage contracted by Catholics in the Catholic Church could be annulled. Will you please tell me what they are?
N. N.

There are thirteen invalidating impediments to marriage. They are—age, impotency, previous or existing marriage, disparity of worship, sacred orders, solemn vows, abduction, crime, consanguinity, affinity, public propriety, spiritual relationship, and legal relationship. To these impediments may be added five obstacles to a valid matrimonial consent. They are—ignorance, error, simulation, violence, and fear. Total: 18.

DIVORCED CATHOLICS AND SACRAMENTS

If married Catholics get a civil divorce can they receive the Sacraments afterward, provided neither attempts to remarry? This question has caused a great deal of argument.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

M. P.

It is necessary to distinguish between Catholics who obtain a civil divorce for valid reasons and with due ecclesiastical permission, and Catholics who sue for a civil divorce without sufficient reason and permission of the Church.

There is no such thing as a valid divorce from the bond of a consummated Christian marriage, for it is forbidden by divine law: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:6.) Yet the State attempts to do this.

When there is sufficient cause for separation the Church may allow Catholics to obtain a civil divorce, which is only a civil act of separation, the bond of marriage remaining. The Church allows this for the purpose of civil effects. In such a case both parties, when rightly disposed, may receive the Sacraments. But when the above conditions are lacking, the guilty party, or parties, as the case may be, may not receive the Sacraments until they submit their case to the jurisdiction of the Church. In this connection it is well to know the decree of the 111 Plenary Council of Baltimore, which says: "We command all those joined

in matrimony that they must not approach the civil courts in order to obtain a separation from bed and board without consulting the proper ecclesiastical authority. And if anyone shall attempt to do so, let him know that he is guilty of a grave crime and is to be punished according to the judgment of his bishop." What the decree says concerning a decree of separation is all the more severe when Catholics seek a civil divorce with the intention of attempting another marriage. Those who attempt marriage after obtaining a civil divorce are excommunicated.

RELIGIOUS LIES: SACRAMENT (1) OF CHURCHING

(1) *In THE SIGN Post of the February issue, 1931, page 419, a question and answer were printed under the caption "We Doubt It." The question concerned fantastic and untrue tales told to parochial school children, and your answer cast doubt on the correspondent's truthfulness. I can support your correspondent, as I am a parochial school graduate, as are many others in my family. I recall distinctly the story of "hands down in prayer mean that you pray to the devil." The Dead Sea story, as I recall, went thus: "it covers the site of Sodom and Gomorrah and is poisonous and salt because of the pillars of salt into which Lot's wife and daughters were changed." The story about the whistling girls causing grief to the Blessed Mother is not familiar, but is less vicious than many I can recall. When you are finally forced to admit the situation your conscience will surely impel you to attempt a correction of this parochial school practice. I would welcome your comment.* (2) *It may interest you to know that I have been repulsed by priests of whom I have asked advice about the strange practice of denying the Sacraments to mothers until they have been purified by churaching. I often wonder why. Once I heard a nun praise the idea, because she said that a mother was not allowed the Sacraments until she received that "greater Sacrament" of churaching. Moreover, some of these pious souls would have us believe that a woman who bore a child was in mortal sin until she was churched. What do you think of that?*

(Please do not publish either my name or place of residence.)

(1) You will recall that our answer in the above mentioned issue read: "Catholic morality holds that the end never justifies the means, and that telling lies, no matter how efficacious in arousing fear, is always sinful." That sufficiently revealed our comment as to the morality of such a practice, if it existed. We were disinclined to believe the charges because we are guided by the principle of upholding the good name of a person or an institution against complaints of individuals liable to be biased, when the person or institution has no chance of reply. In forming judgments it is the part of justice, as well as wisdom, always "to hear the other side." Moreover, THE SIGN Post is meant to be a source of information regarding the doctrine of the Church in matters of Faith and Morals, and not a tribunal for the adjudication of grievances in particular cases. However, since our answer appeared in the February issue we have received information tending to corroborate the charges made by our subscriber in St. Louis, Mo. But there are only a few instances of Sisters telling their pupils fantastic and absurd tales, perhaps with a good, though mistaken, motive. So far there is nothing to indicate that this method of teaching religion is common in parochial schools. But whether these instances are few or many they are severely to be condemned. The cause of religious truth must never be supported by the telling of lies. Evil must never be done that good may come of it. Sisters are not by any means competent theologians, and the sooner they realize it the better. Religion ought to be taught by priests. It is one among the grave duties of pastors to teach the catechism to their people. This obligation directly regards public instruction in church. But indirectly it concerns the teaching of religion in the school. Unfortunately priests cannot always perform this office

personally in the parochial school, and therefore in many, if not most, instances, this office is committed to Sisters. But the pastor ought to supervise their catechetical instructions and be quick to stop abuses. Parents whose children are subjected to such pedagogical methods should register their complaint with the pastor or bishop.

(2) This is another strange instance which it is difficult to believe. The opinion that a married woman after childbirth is in mortal sin is too absurd to merit attention. In these days of birth control and child murder a wife who bears a child practises heroic virtue. Moreover, "churching" is not a "greater sacrament," the Sister theologian to the contrary notwithstanding. The Ecumenical Council of Trent defined that there were seven, and only seven Sacraments instituted by Jesus Christ. And churching is not among them. Churching is an inaccurate name for the beautiful ceremony, which the Roman Ritual calls "The Blessing of a Woman after Childbirth." Instead of being a ceremony for the forgiveness of sin, it is rather an act of thanksgiving to God for safe delivery, to which is added the blessing of the priest and the prayer of the Church for the welfare in this world and in the world to come of her and child. Priests are presumed to know that "churching" is not numbered among the Sacraments of Christ. And Sisters who teach catechism ought to know the same thing. Any priest who refuses the Sacraments to a mother before she has been "churched" would be guilty of a grave injustice, for which he ought to be reported to his superior. There is no obligation whatever to be "churched," though it is the constant and laudable practice of Catholic mothers. Therefore, you have a perfect right to object if your wife is refused the Sacraments after childbirth on account of not having been "churched." Such nonsense should be stopped and quickly.

STIPENDS: PIOUS LIES: CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

(1) *Is it a law of the Church to charge \$25.00 for a requiem Mass? My brother died and I was unable to pay this amount because of poverty, but the priest would not bury him unless the offering of \$25.00 was made? He said that he never heard of a Mass being offered gratis. What recourse has a poor Catholic against such methods?*

(2) *In your answer to E. T., of St. Louis, Mo., in the February, 1931, issue, you seem to have doubted the truth of her statement about teaching Sisters telling lies to put fear into the children. I think that in all fairness you should retract such a doubt as I have the same complaint to make and so have my Catholic neighbors. (3) There is a Catholic High School near our home. But my wife insists that our children go to the public high school. Is this a sin on her part?*

N. N.

(1) Such conduct cannot be defended. It is neither Christian nor decent. Canon Law expressly lays upon pastors the obligation of giving their services gratuitously to those unable to make an offering: "the pastor must not refuse to gratuitously serve those who are not able to make an offering." (Canon 463.) In regard to the stipends for Masses Canon 1,234 says: "Ordinaries of dioceses shall, if such does not exist, draw up a schedule of funeral taxes or stipends for their territory, giving due consideration to the legitimate customs of particular places and the circumstances of persons and places. . . . The schedule of taxes should for the various cases determine with moderation, and in such manner that all occasion for contention and scandal is removed, the rights of all concerned. If in the schedules several classes of funerals are enumerated, the party who arranges for the funeral is to have a free choice." Moreover, "it is strictly forbidden to every one to exact more than what the diocesan schedule allows for funerals and anniversaries." (Canon 1,235.) The Code is explicit regarding the obligation to give the poor funeral services gratis: "the poor shall be given decent funeral services and burial free of charge, according to the laws

of the liturgy and the diocesan statutes." (Canon 1,235.) Catholics who are unable to give an offering for funeral services and have been refused have the right to appeal to their bishop against such unchristian conduct.

(2) You will find our answer to this charge elsewhere in this department.

(3) Catholic children should be in Catholic schools, when such schools are available. This is a dictate of both reason and religion. Moreover, the Church expressly commands Catholic parents to see that their children are given a Christian education in Catholic schools. A spirit of loyalty to one's Faith ought to make it easy for a Catholic parent to obey the Church in this matter. For your information and that of other Catholics who seem to be misinformed on this subject we give the law of the Code on the education of children. "Catholic children are to be educated in schools where not only nothing contrary to Catholic faith and morals is taught, but rather in schools where religious and moral training occupy the first place. Not only the parents, but also all those who take their place, have the right and the most serious obligation of caring for the Christian education of the children." (Canon 1,372.) "Catholic children shall not attend non-Catholic, indifferent, or schools that are mixed; that is to say, schools open to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The bishop of the diocese only has the right, in harmony with the instructions of the Holy See, to decide under what circumstances, and with what safeguards to prevent the loss of faith, it may be tolerated that Catholic children go to such schools." (Canon 1,374.) Therefore it seems inexcusable for a Catholic parent to send his children to a public school when there is a Catholic school available.

DECEASED BOY

A short time ago my son was killed by an automobile. He was only six and a half years old. Is it possible that he went to Purgatory? What is the teaching of the Church with regard to a case like this?

DORCHESTER, MASS.

M. K.

If a child had not reached the age of discretion, which is presumed to be about the seventh year, he is not considered to have been capable of committing sin. And in this supposition he would not be obliged to atone for any sins in Purgatory, but would go immediately to Heaven. But in particular instances one cannot always be sure, and therefore God's Mercy ought to be implored for the sake of his soul.

CELTIC CROSS: FALL OF DEVIL AND ANGELS

(1) *What is the meaning of the circle which connects the arms of the Celtic Cross? (2) Why did the angels rebel in Heaven?*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. M. H.

(1) The circle connecting the four arms of the Celtic Cross is a symbol of eternity.

(2) According to Catholic theology the angels were put on trial in order to test their allegiance to God. The nature of the sin of the Devil, or Satan, and those who rebelled is a matter of speculation among theologians. St. Thomas Aquinas teaches that it was a sin of pride; "since a spirit is immaterial his fall cannot have been due to fleshly or material desires, but only to spiritual ones; in an angel there can be no sin save of insubordination, or pride, which resided in an undue desire to be 'like to God,' in that he sought as the ultimate goal of his happiness something to which he could attain by his own natural powers, turning away his desires from that supernatural happiness which comes from the grace of God. Or, if he wished to find his happiness in such likeness to God as is due to grace, then he sought it by the powers of his own nature." Suarez and other theologians have suggested that God revealed the coming of the Incarnation, that the angels fore-

saw that they would have to abase themselves before God the Son in the form of a creature lower than themselves, and that rather than obey the command "let all the angels of God adore Him" (Heb. 1:6; Ps. 96:7) they rose up in rebellion against God. But this, as plausible as it seems, is only a theological speculation. After all is said the fall of the Devil and his angels is shrouded in deepest mystery. The angels at the time of their trial, whatever its nature, could sin because they had free will, and were not confirmed in grace.

RELEASE FROM PRIVATE VOW

Many years ago I made a vow of perpetual chastity. Now I am getting to the age when a home and a good Catholic companion would be a great comfort to me. Would I offend our Lord mortally were I to break that vow?

N. N.

A vow deliberately made is a sacred obligation from which one ought not to seek release except for reasons proportionate to the gravity of the vow. One whose conscience feels that there are such reasons militating against the observance of the vow can apply for a dispensation through his pastor or confessor. It certainly would be a grave sin for you to break your vow before you have been dispensed by the proper authority.

APPROACHING MINISTER

A Catholic girl engaged to a non-Catholic desires to be married in both religions on the same day, the first ceremony to be performed by a minister, and the second by a priest. The non-Catholic is willing to sign the customary paper in the Catholic ceremony, as regards children, etc., but he wants the ceremony performed as above stated for family reasons. The girl is willing to do so. Is this permissible?

N. N.

It certainly is not. The Canon Law in this matter says that even though a dispensation has been obtained from the impediment of mixed marriage, the parties must not, either before or after the marriage performed in the Catholic Church, approach a non-Catholic minister in his religious capacity, either to give or to renew their matrimonial consent. Those who disobey this law are on that account excommunicated, and cannot be absolved without recourse to the bishop of the diocese. Is not such a plan wholly contrary to what a loyal Catholic is expected to do?

REMAINING SINGLE

Some time ago you stated, when speaking about different states of life, that some remained single because they have not courage enough to bear the responsibilities of motherhood. What about those who apparently are in good health and seem very happy at the prospects of having a home of their own, yet must forego all these joys because of a serious hidden ailment? Such women may seem foolish for refusing offers of marriage, but surely you must know that there are some women who would gladly become mothers, but are advised by physicians to remain single, and make the most of the talents which God gave them. If this is a vale of tears, why are not such women as noble as those who enter religion or marriage? Your opinion would be welcome.

N. N.

It was answered before in THE SIGN that marriage was the common vocation of men and women. And that those not called to a higher life in Religion or Holy Orders ought to embrace the married state. But it was also stated that these two vocations do not exhaust the opportunities of men and women. The single life in the world, especially

if deliberately entered upon from a motive of virtue, is praised by St. Paul in the seventh chapter of First Epistle to the Corinthians as a more excellent state than marriage. Though marriage is the common vocation of men and women there will always be some, who for reasons over which they have no control, are denied the opportunity to marry and have children. Such persons are not the less worthy of praise when they endeavor to lead a good life and carry the cross of sacrifice with a magnanimous spirit. No one should cast a stone at them. To do so is the effect of a mean and narrow spirit.

PRIVATE REPLIES

To J. W.: Your marriage must be revalidated because one of the parties to it is a Catholic. All Catholics are obliged to have their marriages performed before a priest and at least two witnesses, under pain of invalidity. Marriage is primarily a religious ceremony, and among Christians a Sacrament. Marriage therefore is subject to the jurisdiction of the Church. The Church recognizes the authority of the State in regard to civil effects, and therefore Catholics are obliged to obtain the civil license to marry and to have their marriage recorded in the proper civil office. But the marriage ceremony itself must be performed before the proper priest and at least two witnesses. Since your marriage was not entered into in the prescribed manner, and one of the parties is a Catholic, the marriage is not valid before the Church. All that is necessary for the revalidation of the marriage is a copy of your license and the renewal of the consent of both before the priest and two witnesses. The question of legitimizing the children is easily disposed of. The Church regards as legitimate the children of an invalid marriage, which has been revalidated in the proper way, provided the parties were free to marry at the time of conception, pregnancy, or birth.

To E. R.: If necessary there is no sin, provided one's motive is worthy and consent is withheld.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

D. O'B., ST. LOUIS, MO. M. S., LOUISVILLE, KY. F. S., PITTSBURG, PA. M. E. K., PATERSON, N. J. E. B., SOUTHERN PINES, N. C. P. McH., CHILTON, WIS.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

SR. M. F. ROCHESTER, MINN. M. B. C., WATERTOWN, MASS. J. G. H. DORCHESTER, MASS. M. E. M., BRENTWOOD, N. Y. A. L. MEDFORD, MASS. M. F., WESTBURY, N. Y. E. M. S., PROVIDENCE, R. I. M. F. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y. E. C. G., BRIDGEPORT, CONN. K. S. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y. N. M., NEW YORK, N. Y. A. E. S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. M. F., BALTIMORE, MD. A. T., READING, MASS. M. L., HAWLEY, PA. J. J. R., ROXBURY, MASS. R. W., ST. LOUIS, MO. F. A., CON-COURSE, N. Y. J. G., HAMILTON, O. M. V. K., BRONX, N. Y. L. M. McK., KENSINGTON, CONN. A. R. L., NEW YORK, N. Y. J. F. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y. J. G. W., WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS. J. H. B., LOUISVILLE, KY. A. M., NEWBURYPORT, MASS. J. J. H., HUDSON, N. Y. M. M., MCKESPORT, PA. C. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y. S. F. C., PITTSBURG, PA. M. B., NEW YORK, N. Y. D. L. S., DUNKIRK, N. Y. A. L., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y. M. E. M., NORWICH, CONN. F. S., DELAIR, N. J. M. T. J., JERSEY CITY, N. J. G. M. N., ROXBURY, MASS. S. T., ST. LOUIS, MO. E. A. P., ALLSTON, MASS. A. K., SALEM, MASS. A. J. G., WALPOLE, MASS. A. C. D., ALBANY, N. Y. B. C., PITTSBURG, PA. M. G., ST. LOUIS, MO. R. S., ST. ALBANS, N. Y. C. W., BROCKTON, MASS. M. L. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA. M. McC., LYNN, MASS. F. W. O., MANOA, PA. M. B., FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y. G. M. F., HARTFORD, CONN. M. E., BROCKTON, MASS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

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Fun & Philosophy: History & Tragedy



My Card-Index on the Loose

The Last of
Twelve Chapters

By JOHN GIBBONS

ST. THOMAS A BECKET comes into my index again in an entirely different place, as having been put on trial after his death. The murder was on the 29th of December, 1170. In 1172 as I say the English King was doing penance for his share in the business, and then for three centuries and a half the Becket Shrine in Canterbury Cathedral was one of the great centres of Catholic Christendom. Then came Henry VIII and his Church of England as by Law Established, and memories of kings doing penance not at all fitting in with his theories of decorum, it became necessary to do something in the way of destroying this devotion to a mere archbishop, and accordingly in the April of 1538 the king solemnly "re-tried" the whole business in his own private law courts, naturally enough found St. Thomas guilty of anything that had happened, and ordered his remains to be taken out of the great Shrine and burned. Incidentally as there was no use in having a shrine without a body, Henry (the "Bluff King Hal" of the books,) pocketed anything about it that was worth having, the jewels, gold, and offerings of three centuries and a half of Catholic devotion.

St. Joan of Arc made another case of re-trial, only this time the other way on. Her famous relief of the City of Orleans was on the 29th of April, 1429, on the 29th of December of the same year Charles VII of France ennobled her and all her family; on May 25, 1430, she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, was sold to the English, and was by the English burned alive at Rouen on May 30, 1431. (Incidentally it is quite curious to find the English "High Church" dignitaries taking "pilgrimages" to her celebrations at

Rouen, though of course without recognizing her canonization.)

Twenty-odd years later Calixtus III became Pope, and one of his first acts was to reopen the matter, to order all the evidence to be re-examined and all possible witnesses still alive to be produced, and to have a fresh and unbiased trial. (This Pope Calixtus III, by the way, was a Borgia, one of the family who invariably turn up in our "historical romances" as Monsters of Infamy.) The result of this re-trial was the absolute acquittal of Joan d'Arc, and every scrap of the evidence of this Trial of Rehabilitation is still to be read in the French manuscripts preserved in the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris and in other muniment rooms in France, and much of it has actually been printed. It has however, not yet penetrated into the English school "history" books.

Gilles de Retz

STILL one more instance of a re-trial after death has to do with Gilles de Retz, who was a Marshal of France and a friend of St. Joan of Arc in her warrings for the liberation of her country. This time the re-trial is funny, in its way. De Retz has for centuries always been taken to be the original of the Bluebeard of the nursery tales. He was a great and enormously wealthy nobleman of Tiffauges, between Nantes and Poitiers in the north of France. A very religious man he seemed to be—at first—making huge donations to the Church.

And then it began to be whispered that there were curious things about his castle, secret chambers where nobody was allowed to go, strange sounds heard in the middle of the night. Children had disappeared near the castle. And it began to be hinted that the great marshal's religion was

all a cloak, that he had really sold his soul to the Devil, that children were sacrificed at strange orgies, and that the enormous wealth of which the Marshal seemed always possessed was merely his payment from his Satanic Master. Till in the end they took the Marshal of France, tried him, and in 1440 hanged him in Nantes. And for centuries later mothers near Tiffauges used the name of De Retz as a bugbear to frighten their children, "Be good, or Gilles shall have you."

De Retz's Friends

THEN hundreds of years later, in our own time, within the last ten years in fact, a learned society in France began to reconsider the matter, the basis of the business being that geologists had found a seam of gold running through the hill underneath De Retz's Castle. This then and not the Devil, might account for the inexhaustible supplies of money. It might also account for the secret chambers since no marshal doing a bit of digging in the middle of the night would wish his servants to surprise his secret. So too would be accounted for the strange noises. As for the tortured and sacrificed children, it was at least odd that nobody had ever found any bones. There were wolves and in plenty in the forests around Tiffauges, and children and in plenty had disappeared even after the famous hanging of De Retz.

And a French society calling itself "The Friends of Gilles de Retz" set to work in the early nineteen hundreds to "rehabilitate" the memory of a gentleman who had been hanged in 1440. A strangely logical race, these Latins! And one rather wishes that there was some Catholic society to take up a few little points in the history books as written by Protestants.

Another rather interesting thing happened in the case of St. Joan d'Arc, that five years after she had been burned to death she "came to life again." For in 1436 an imposter appeared professing to be Joan of Arc escaped from the flames, who succeeded in inducing many people to believe in her, but who afterwards confessed her imposture. Now this escaping from the flames, of course, had been impossible. The English soldiers had taken infinite pains about that very matter, and realizing the possibility of a later "appearance from the dead" (because there are all sorts of stories of the sort with popular martyrs and the Maid was of course extraordinarily popular with the common people), had raked the ashes through and through in public.

But for all that the "False Joan" idea did last for centuries, and in fact I found a little book about it printed as late as 1890. The theory if anyone is in the least interested is as follows: "At least they burned her or another woman like her." And you can find references in M. Gaston Save's "*Johanne des Armoises*" and in Le Comte de Marsy's "*La Fausse Jeanne d'Arc*." It all makes a very curious little tale, but of course the whole matter was settled for good when the scholars of the Church investigated every detail about the business before the canonization of our St. Joan.

The Maid of Norway

THIS coming to life after death type of story is, of course, quite common, all the legends naturally springing from an obvious origin, and there are any number of such tales in the old chronicles. The Maid of Norway was one. This was the Norwegian Princess Margaret who about 1283 was coming across to England to marry our Edward the First's son. And the ship ran into a storm, and the Maid got stranded in the Orkney Islands where she died.

But in those days it was extraordinarily difficult to get precise evidence of the death, and so ten years later a woman turned up in Norway from Germany with a long and interesting tale about having been kidnapped and kept prisoner all the time. And at first some people believed her and she was even locally revered as the True Princess. And then they found out all about Germany and where she really came from, and so according to the rough and ready ideas of the

day they burned her in Bergen in 1301. And even then a lot of people still believed her story. Our English King Edward II was another case.

The theory of the times of course was that the whole system of chivalry rested upon the King as the sole fount of honour. This particular Edward, however, was not a good king, not at all a good king, in fact a very bad king. And so the chivalry of the day caught him and eventually put him to death in a particularly disgusting manner which no modern printer dare so much as mention. So this was the end of the poor fount of honour. But after he was dead, all sorts of people turned up and said that they were the King come to life again. And exactly the same thing happened with Edward VI, and again a century or so later with the Duke of Monmouth.

Long after he was dead and buried, an enterprising Surrey innkeeper made a perfectly triumphant tour of England (confining himself to the pleasantly rural districts and keeping rather wide of the cities and authorities), giving out that he was the real Duke and the Guardian of the Protestant Succession. They caught him at last and you can read if you like about his trial at Guildford Assizes, where by the way quite a number of injured ladies turned up and wanted to know what was to be done about their Ducal and Protestant Succession babies.

And still I have another oddity of the sort, there being a very ancient legend that Charlemagne the Great Emperor never died at all. He was only asleep in his tomb, the tale went, and in the hour of his country's danger he would come to life again. And another version of the thing went that he was not even buried at all, the real Charlemagne having gone on a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It is odd—or perhaps if you think of it, it is not odd—how in the very earliest days of Christendom, Jerusalem stood for the almost impossible goal of the whole world. Sigurd the Viking, they called him the "Jerusalem-Farer" because he was such a mighty wanderer.

Abbess Etheria

THEN in 386 we have a lady, the Abbess Etheria, starting out by herself from Southern France to reach the Holy City. Four years it took her on the road. In 1095 there is the Council of Clermont decreeing

that "Whoever sets out for Jerusalem, not for honour or gain, but to free the Church of God, may reckon his journey a penance." And according to the travelling of those times, it certainly would be a penance. It is all different now, of course, and I think I told you about the good Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem and how easy he was enabled to reach the Holy City for a mere trifle of six hundred pounds of the taxpayers' money.

St. James of Spain

JERUSALEM, however, was by no means the only pilgrimage shrine, and probably St. James of Compostella in Spain attracted far more European pilgrims. From Southampton in England alone there was a regular trade in pilgrim-carrying ships, and even today, centuries after the whole thing is all over, you can find in London, of all places, an odd remembrance of the ancient fame of the great Sant' Iago of Spain. For on a certain day in the year as you come home to your respectable suburb, small and dirty boys in the street will draw your attention to a little pile of oyster or even cockle or whelk shells more or less neatly arranged in the gutter and will at the same time anxiously beg you to "Remember the Grotto." And though the small boys, being more concerned with the financial than the archaeological aspects of the business, will not know it, the certain day in the year will be the Feast of Saint James, and the oyster shells will commemorate a certain incident in his career (I rather fancy that his horse once trod on an oyster shell or something), and the oyster shell badge that used to denote the pilgrim to his shrine.

There are any amount of odd survivals of the sort, nor are the London gutter-urchins the only good Protestants who are ignorant of the origin of all their doings. For there were quite highly educated and even learned barristers of the English Western Assizes Circuit who at least up to a very few years ago used regularly to use a particular phrase for the last toast of the last Circuit Dinner of the Summer Assizes. And no doubt those learned counsel simply drank the toast as meaning "To our next meeting" or words to that effect.

Only really it meant more. *Cras Animarum* were the words and when you translate them they mean "The Morrow of the Souls." And it was

on the Morrow of All Souls' Day that the next or Winter Assizes used to open. Even respectable Anglican clerics have before now been guilty of odd survivals, and in Ely Cathedral they were using incense as late as the seventeen hundreds, a century and a half or so after incense had ceased to have the least meaning in any place of Protestant worship.

And of course every woman who rubs a child's sore eye with a wedding ring is really commemorating the Catholic days when a wedding ring as a literally blessed object might be expected to retain some shadow of supernatural and sacramental grace. On the 29th of July, 1536, the Lutheran capture of Copenhagen practically put an end to the Catholicism of Denmark, and extremely strict anti-Catholic laws were enforced both in that country and in the then dependent Iceland. And then in 1917 a traveller to Iceland reports that in the remoter districts it was quite common to find in a house an ancient picture of Our Lady.

Guadalupe

IN America, of course, the first famous shrine was that of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico. Really there are three Guadalupe. The first is in Spain, where Our Lady of Guadalupe was held in very special honor indeed. Then when Columbus discovered the New World, he called one of the islets (Karukera) of the French Antilles after Her, and so we get our second Guadalupe in the West Indies, where a whole group of islands makes up a Diocese of Guadalupe as a See Suffragan to Bordeaux in France.

And then there is our third and far the most important Guadalupe in Mexico, its importance dating from the 12th December, 1531, when Our Lady first appeared to the Indian Juan Diego. On the site of this apparition shrine after shrine was built, and when in 1848 after the Mexican War the Treaty of Peace was signed between Mexico and the United States of America, the actual document was signed on this very Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. One would think that it might make a very interesting little point for American school books. Only I doubt if it does.

On much the same lines, of course, is the famous statue of Christ that after the War between Chili and the Argentine was set up on the mountain frontier between the two countries.

"When," says the inscription, "these mountains melt away, then may these countries forget the Peace that they have sworn." And there is another Christ in a colossal Figure on Brazen Head Cliff at Madeira, with the arms outstretched over the Atlantic Ocean. In the "White Star Magazine" for December, 1929, there is a whole list of these colossal statues, and as I got paid for the article I suppose that it interested somebody. Only there was one statue that I left out, because somehow I did not like selling it to a secular magazine where readers perhaps might not have understood what I meant. It is a Copacabana in Bolivia, and it is a statue of Our Lady, and there is one thing about it that all the travellers have noticed. "The Face," they say, "looks as though it were alive."

Ober-Ammergau

THEN by way of contrast I have a note about Ober-Ammergau, and a gentleman who in 1878 made a very generous offer to bring over the entire Passion Play, "actors and actresses, baggage and all," to give a show at the old Westminster Aquarium, then the most notorious music hall in the none-too-squeamish London of the day. Most hurt he was when his offer was refused. And there is St. Winifred's Shrine at Holywell in Wales. In 1686 King James the Second visited the shrine and most kindly presented it with a lock of his hair. And if I dropped a lock of my hair into our collection plate, my suburban parish priest would probably comment upon the offering.

After Statues and Shrines, I have a few odd notes about Churches. Cathedrals I am not counting, because you can find them and all about their sizes in all the reference books, though if anyone wants the scrap of information, St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral, New York, is the eleventh biggest church in the world. But more the sort of thing I was after was a very ancient legend about St. Sophia in Constantinople. That when the Turks captured the city and rushed into the great church, the last Christian priest who was saying the last Christian Mass left his Altar and carrying the Host suddenly disappeared through a tiny door which had never been seen before and which has never been seen since.

Then, of course, there is Pontmain in France. On January 17, 1871,

during the Franco-Prussian War, when the townlet lying as it did directly in the line of the German armies as they were advancing toward Paris was being hurriedly evacuated by its panic-stricken population, there suddenly appeared to some school children the image in the sky of Our Lady. This was not like Lourdes. Quite a lot of children saw the apparition. And the very next day the Prussian advance stopped quite suddenly at that identical spot and France and Paris were saved. Whereupon they erected an enormous Basilica at Pontmain.

And of course there is a similar church that they are now building in Paris for what they call the "Miracle of the Marne" in the late Great War. The phrase by the way is not exclusively ecclesiastical at all, for you can find it quoted in so mundane a thing as the famous film of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Only when the Germans were advancing on Paris in 1914, and there came the little check of the Battle of the Marne, Cardinal Amette had prayers said in every church in Paris, vowing to build a great Basilica if the enemy could but be stayed. And he was stayed, and for the site of the church they chose the exact spot where St. Joan of Arc had prayed for France centuries before. And last year in 1929 Cardinal Dubois blessed the foundation stone.

A "Vow Church"

THERE is of course another great "vow-church" in Paris, and that is on Montmartre, the quarter which most people only think of as the red light part of Gay Paree with all the night clubs and little indecencies carefully planned out for the good English and Americans visiting the Continent to see life. And indeed there are cafés where the customers are exclusively English or American, and where even on the sober or professional side of the counter the bulk of the staff and band will be Americans too. Only they of course will be American Negroes.

Then right up above it all towers up the enormous Basilica of the Sacred Heart. After the Franto-Prussian War and after the Commune, Catholic France erected this huge church in fulfillment of a vow of national reparation for the carelessness, indifference and Godlessness which Catholic France said had caused all its troubles. And day and

night, summer and winter, year in and year out, ever since there has been in this church a Perpetual Adoration, with thousands upon thousands of Parisians from Gay Paree taking turn in a regular roster to maintain by scores and hundreds at a time their endless Watch. The white English and white Americans seeing the sights and buying their liquor from the Black Americans do not see everything in Paris.

There are so many trifling notes amongst my cards that I do not know what to do with! Who wants to know, for instance, that Rob Roy, Sir Walter Scott's famous Highland Catheran, was a convert to Catholicism? Or that St. Anthony was said to have lived to the age of 105 on a diet of twelve ounces of bread and water a day? Not that the thing seems particularly extraordinary. Only a couple of years or so ago in England a medical examination was carried out under Sir George Newman of the Government Medical Service with a view to trying to find out how far people who lived enclosed lives on reduced diets such as prisoners in gaol or monks in monasteries suffered in health.

Compulsory Fasting

AND after an examination had been made ("a minute investigation"—to use the terms of the Report—"of the vital statistics of a number of the houses of the Roman Catholic orders in England"), and the figures were worked out, it was found that the Monks so far from doing any medical suffering, were living longer than ordinary people. One oddity I have down about Fasting has to do with our dear old friend, Queen Elizabeth. When Catholicism had practically fallen in England and all the fasting nonsense and all the other nonsenses were safely abolished, it was discovered that the fishing trade was not doing well. And on the fishing trade largely depended the safety of England. With no fishermen, no sailors, and so no Navy.

Whereupon the Queen promptly introduced an Act of Parliament making compulsory a weekly fast from flesh. And the more fish people ate, the better would Parliament be pleased. Only it was set out in the Act that this had nothing in the world to do with religion—anyone preaching or teaching or writing that the fast had anything to do with "the savings of the soule of man"

was to be punished as a "spreader of fausse newes"—and the better to disconnect the thing from the old style of fast, the weekly day was fixed for Wednesdays. So I hope that we can all acquit Elizabeth of any Popish leanings. Her fast was purely an economic affair. She said so herself.

Then I have the fast of Gregory VIII. In 1187, after the Crusaders had lost Jerusalem, the Pope proclaimed a five years' fast throughout Christendom. And then as in keeping with the general tone of my index comes the note that Sacco, the famous "Fasting Man," was a Catholic.

Printing

ARITHMETIC interest anybody? It never did me, but I have a note about the first book on the subject ever printed in England. This was in 1522, and the man who had it printed was the Catholic Bishop Tostall of Durham. And an odd thing, it was another Bishop of Durham who got out the very first arithmetic book that was ever printed at all. This was Bishop John Sherwood's "Ludus Arithmo-Machinae," printed in Rome in 1482. Of course it is always said in every popular book ever written that "Rome" was bitterly opposed to the introduction of the printing press, but then as we have seen once or twice the popular books are not always infallible.

The first patron in England of printing was Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Caxton's printing press was set up in Westminster Abbey under the encouragement of the Abbot, Thomas Milling. The printing of the first Bible that ever was printed was finished in 1455, and by 1454 the new art of printing had been taken up by a Pope, Nicholas V. By 1464 there was a printing press in Rome, and the Vatican Printing Works or Stamperia have been going ever since. Which does not look as though Rome had been quite so opposed to printing as it might have been.

Once I had the privilege of listening to a gentleman standing on a small tub at the end of one of my neighboring streets, lecturing rather in the manner of a man standing immediately outside the Gates of Heaven and waving the way inside. What he said was this: "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, and down with Rome," just as no doubt outside a railway station

the same oratory would have called indignantly for "The time-table, the whole time-table, and nothing but the time-table, and down with the superstitious nonsense about engines and rails. Only really, you know, the Pope has said the same thing, only intelligently of course and without the advantages of standing on a tub.

The Bible

IT was Pius X who founded the Biblical Institute, "based on the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the strictest interpretation of the Bible by the Church." They founded the Protestant British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, and nearly fifteen centuries earlier the wicked Catholics had been before them. In 331 Bishop Eusebius of Caesarea was distributing fifty copies of the Bible for use in Constantinople, and by 1290—five hundred years and more before the Protestant Society started—John de Monte Corvino, the first Archbishop to Peking, had translated the New Testament and the Psalter into Tartar.

They did not have to wait for the invention of printing. There were writing schools everywhere where the Monks patiently copied out the Bible by hand. Tours in France was a famous "school" of this type, and if anyone wants to know how long that sort of thing took, we have a record of two hundred volumes being once turned out in twenty-two months with forty-five amanuenses hard at work. It was exactly the same when printing did start. The Catholic Church had turned out eighteen editions of the Bible in German before it ever occurred to the monk Martin Luther to break his vows, run away with a Nun, and so start his glorious "reformation."

I think we had it down somewhere about the first printing press in America being set up by the Catholic Bishop Zumarraga, and by 1759 Pope Clement XIII was ordering the Bible to be translated into every language in the world and printed in those languages. And still the lying little history books tell the ignorant that "Rome" has been inveterately opposed both to the Bible and to the printing press. And it is the same with everything. The ordinary London daily paper in front of me just now at breakfast was talking about the great celebrations at the Mormon Utah city in America. Any amount about it there was, and the only point

they left out was that without the Catholic Church there would not have been any Utah. It was two Franciscan Friars who found the place in 1776.

Women's Dress

WOMEN's dress gave me a few notes. There are a number of cards of course about "modern immodesty of dress" in Church, and warnings by the Pope and by any number of archbishops and bishops and priests. And you get the Irish League of St. Brigid being formed in 1920 to combat anything that wanted altering, and then we get the young ladies of Albuquerque in New Mexico sitting down under the Presidency of Miss Lola Contreras (she never reckoned on me knowing her name, but I do,) to consider a new sort of dress which should be at once modest and attractive. And I am sure that I hope it was. Only all this sort of thing is really pretty ancient.

As long ago as 1187 Pope Gregory VIII was forbidding the Roman ladies to wear costly dresses while the poor were hungry, and there is a note from the thirteen hundreds in Piers Plowman where it mentions Mistress Elyne's new cloak as distracting the jealous attention of other ladies in Church. And no doubt Mistress Elyne went home to lunch simply tickled to death about it. And then I have an odd card of 19th December, 1770, where Cardinal Cornaro as Vicar to His Holiness placards Rome with notices "forbidding women of any degree to appear in Churches with their faces uncovered." Which I suppose meant that they had to wear veils.

I have one or two notes, too, on the dress of priests. On the 17th of February, 1842, Aston Hall near Stone in Staffordshire was taken over by the first Community of Passionists in England, and they were the very first Catholic Community since the "reformation" to wear their habit in the public streets. And then another card of the 1st of December, 1827, tells us of the death of a Father Joseph Berington, and he was the first priest in England since the "reformation" to wear even black clothes. It was the mark of Popery, the "Sign of the Beast," so to speak, and black in the old days would have singled its wearer out for persecution.

Brown used to be the usual wear for a priest on the English mission. They were not even called "Father"

in common parlance. That title even long after the days of severe persecution were passed was reserved for the Regulars. The ordinary secular parish priest was "Mr." even to his flock. As much like laymen as possible, they used to look, and it was as late as 1837, the date of the Accession of Queen Victoria, that there died "Mr." Henry Gillow of Manchester. And Father Gillow had been the last priest to wear the old dress of knee-breeches, shoes with silver buckles, and powder on his hair.

And then much later than this they were still wearing a dress very unlike the ordinary priest's garb of today. In the memoirs of the late Sir Francis Burnand, the famous editor of *Punch*, is a description of the usual priest's clothes in the days of his boyhood. They either wore, he said, black stocks and no collars, or white ties and low-cut waistcoats, so looking "like farmers or Low Church parsons." In the Established Church of course the collar was the great point between "High" and "Low," the "Evangelical" making a great point of a collar with turned-down points and a white tie fastened across in a band-like bow.

Three High's

OTHER people's Churches of course are not of course strictly within our purview, but I do remember how the London *Sporting Times*—a paper that as the "Pink 'Un" achieved a certain reputation rather of its very own and in any case distinctively not ecclesiastical—used to come out with a heading—"High Toryism, High Farming, and High Church." So that the term, it would seem, has more meanings than one. If anyone wants to know, this "High Church" had nothing to do with incense or ritual, but related to the jolly old days of the Establishment with its hunting and port-drinking parsons before the Evangelicals came along and disturbed the equanimity of the clerical dove-cot by wanting to talk about Religion.

Schools, and I have a note about St. Charles Borromeo and a statue of his in London. And as far as I know it is the only statue in London erected by a Protestant Society to a Catholic Saint. Because the Society is the Sunday School Union and because it was St. Charles who first founded Sunday Schools, just as it was another Catholic Saint, St. Joseph Calasanctius who in 1597

opened the very first absolutely public free school in all Europe. But other schools we had had of course practically ever since there had been a Catholic Church at all. There is, for instance, St. Peter's, York, and it traces its origin back to 664 when a school for the choir-boys of York Cathedral was founded by Archbishop Alcuin. And so it always says that it is England's oldest school. (Not that this pride, however, ought to be taken as the slightest excuse for the very small York boy who in an essay on the story of his Alma Mater solemnly began that the School was founded by Saint Peter in 664 B. C.)

Schools

SO IT WAS with lots of these schools, they started as choir schools for the boys of some cathedral or other. There is St. Paul's in London, and today it is a very excellent boys' school miles out at Hammersmith and run on very excellent commercial principles. But when it opened, it had no commercial principles excellent or otherwise, being the actual choir school for the then Catholic St. Paul's Cathedral. And I have a stray note about one of its early masters, William Lilly, who was a great friend of Blessed Thomas More and who was the first man ever to teach Greek in London. He wrote a Greek grammar, and the preface to it was by Cardinal Wolsey.

Eton, ("Our Lady of Eton," Winchester, practically all the great "public schools" of England; they started in the same way, being literally foundations by some pious person of places of Catholic Education for the children of the public, and as a rule it was specified that they were to be poor children. Today, of course, the thing has got absolutely turned around, and the term "public school" has in England a distinctive meaning as a school especially preserved by high fees as a school for the children of the rich. There was a commission on the business in 1818, but the system by then was far too firmly rooted to admit of any possibility of change.

I have by the way one rather quaint little note on the subject. There was a Parliamentary "Select Committee on the Education of the Lower Orders," and it occurred to somebody that Winchester School of all places had in 1382 been founded very especially for the Lower Orders—though in its Charter that term was not used,

only the word "poor" being given. And now Winchester of course had turned into a school not in the least for the lower orders, but very distinctly for the sons of the wealthy. And what did Winchester propose to do about it? Insomuch as, to use the words of the report, "it seemed to have gone strangely "astray from the original intentions of its founder." And accordingly the committee invited the Headmaster of Winchester to attend and explain his views upon the subject. But the Headmaster "found it inconvenient for him to attend." You can find the reference in the old Parliamentary Papers. (May 28, 1818. Reports of Select Committees, etc.)

One more queer little oddment under my heading of Winchester relates to a question put by the Protestant Bishop of Winchester to a conference of the National Council of Women of Great Britain. Speaking

at Bournemouth, one of those charming coast towns where conferences do seem always to meet, on the 11th of October, 1927, His Lordship enquired: "Why is it that the idea of God cuts no ice in these days?" I did not file the thing in the very least with any notion of daring to intrude into His Lordship's particular idea of God, but merely because I thought it looked so funny after the card next door, which was a note of the foundation at Winchester by Cardinal Beaufort of the Almshouse of Noble Poverty. And I rather think that I could tell you an odd story about that too.

Conclusion

FOR the matter of that, I could really go on for quite a long time yet, only if the thing is ever going to get into book form at all, I do not believe that anyone would stand it much longer. Indeed whether it

will ever find a publisher at all or not I do not know. Any more than I know whether even if published it will ever find any readers. But if there are any and if they ever get to the end, I would ask them to join with me in prayers for the intercession of St. Mathurin. Any reader surviving, by the way, might as well while he is at it, pray for us both. And I hope that he may remember what I told him about St. Mathurin.

The thing, of course, that genuinely troubles me is that I shall now have all the worry of hunting for a new hobby-horse. This one, it is true, I may have ridden to death. But whether these notes ever find any reader or not, in the mere collection and writing of them I have had an enormous lot of amusement, and it is with the very sincerest regret that at last I come to the end.

THE END

Colloquy

By A. PAGE

I KNELT before my Tabernacled Lord:
He touched by heart, and out
desires poured:

"O would, dear Lord, that I had had
In Bethlehem, a little home,
When Joseph sought one in the gloam;
I would have made his heart so glad."

"O would, dear God, I might have been
A-traveling the desert when
Thy Mother fled from Herod's wrath
I would have pointed out her path."

"O would, dear Lord, that I might stop
For just one hour in Joseph's shop.
Thou wouldn't have been a wee Lad there,
And I could kiss Thy golden hair."

"O would, dear God, that I might walk
Through Juda's hills and hear Thee talk.
I would have heard Thee to the end;
I would have been Thy faithful friend."

"O would, dear Lord, I might have stood
With faithful few close to the Rood;
Thou wouldn't have gazed into my soul
And found there love for Thy console."

I paused, and in the pause I heard, I thought,
An answer on the wings of silence brought:

"O son, am I not still on earth?
Does not each morning see My Birth,
Each day My Presence, and each night,
Unto endangered souls My flight?"

"Still do I hasten to the lands
That know me not, in priestly hands;
Still do I share their humble toil
Who share with Me immortal spoil."

"If thou would truly live for me,
Leave thou the all I gave to thee.
Still do I live upon My earth
And still My Love to love gives birth!"

I knelt before my Tabernacled Lord,
He touched my heart, and in His Love He poured.

Modern Professors and Ancient Fantasias

By WILLIAM F. OBERING, S. J.

IN the history of recent thought two disconcerting contradictions stand out in challenging relief.

The first is the doughty demand of experimental scientists, that we accept the dogma of evolution on faith, and, indeed, on faith so blind, that it is utterly unconcerned with the lack of credentials on the part of those who issue such an incongruous summons. The second is no less baffling. For philosophers, who, in everything else, would deny the existence of fixed and unchanging truth, hold to the same, in what appears to be a solitary exception—their appreciation of Scholastic philosophy.

Their judgment in this matter was determined for them in the days of the Renaissance and of Luther; and for generations they have never suspected, that for men boasting of independent thought, it might be in order to question such *ex parte* decisions. Hence we have been given histories of philosophy which jump from Aristotle to Descartes and Kant, as if the intervening period were a chaos of Cimmerian darkness. For in these histories scholasticism is dismissed with the utterly false statement that it made religious dogma the source of its deductions; or else, with weighty philosophical humor, they treat us to the quodlibets of some nameless philosopher in the days of scholastic decadence as proof sufficient of the inanity of the system.

This obscurantist, and unfair attitude is being abandoned to-day. Jurists, like James Brown Scott, in his "Spanish Origins of International Law," have called attention to the serious contributions of scholasticism to the jurisprudence of the nations. Before him, Ihering, the German jurist, had paid his tribute to the value of scholastic thought in the philosophy of civil law, writing in his "Der Zweck im Recht," "This great mind [Aquinas] correctly understood the realistic, practical, and social factors of moral life, as well as the historical. . . .

"In amazement I ask myself how it is possible, that such truths, once

they were uttered, could be forgotten so completely by our Protestant savants? What false roads would have been spared, had they been taken to heart! For my part I should probably not have written my book, had I known them; for the basic ideas I occupied myself with are to be found in that gigantic thinker in perfect clearness and most perfect formulation." (Vol. II, p. 161, cited by Grabmann, "Thomas Aquinas, His Personality and Thought," 161, f.)

A similar revaluation of scholasticism in the provinces of political economy and sociology is observable. For the failure of classical political economy to bring peace and security to society, as George O'Brien, the Irish Economist points out in "An Essay on Medieval Economic Teaching," has awakened an ever-increasing interest in the social teaching it replaced and produced a clearly marked trend towards the ethical treatment of economic problems, so distinctive of the scholastic Economy and Sociology.

Even in other fields of thought, more strictly metaphysical, under the influence of men, like the late Cardinal Mercier, Maurice de Wulf, Etienne Gilson, and Jacques Maritain, "The Lyrist of Scholasticism," the non-scholastic thinkers have at last realized, that this philosophy is worthy, at least, of the curiosity displayed in determining the social customs of the Bakitara of Banyaro.

It is unfortunate, therefore, that we still find in the writings of American university men the old prejudices and misrepresentations put forward against scholasticism. Like Banquo's ghost that would not down, these "revenants" of another day persist in troubling the intellectual feast of such authors and of their readers. Thus Raymond Gettel in "A History of Political Thought" sings the old tune, that thought in the Middle Ages was unscientific and uncritical, reasoning by deduction from general dogmas, "based upon belief, rather than by induction, from observation, investigation and experiment. The

whole body of the faith, developed and handed down by the organized church, was the basis of all knowledge; and this material was turned over and over by the narrow intellectual processes of scholasticism, or accepted without rational demonstration by the contemplative introspection of mysticism" (p. 102).

Really, on reading such drivel, we rub our eyes, and wonder whether we are living in this critical twentieth century, and not rather in the silly seventies or more primitive periods, when men followed in such matters the Renaissance-Protestant tradition like bleating sheep. The learned Dean, Roscoe Pound, is a bit more critical in his rendition of this archaic folksong. Professor Gettel makes faith the source of all knowledge in the Middle Ages. Dean Pound, with more scholarly instincts, avoids the sweeping universal, and hence falls into a less egregious error. In his "Law and Morals" he speaks of "theories that had developed prior to the sixteenth century when jurisprudence was but a branch or application of philosophical theology." (Law and Morals, 2 edit., pp. 3-4.)

THAT he takes theology in its strict sense, as the science of God, or of faith, based on the data of revelation, is evident from what he writes further on in the same chapter, where we read: "In the revolt against authority at the Reformation, the Protestant jurist-theologians eliminated the theological side of the medieval (sic) natural law and sought to put it once more squarely on the basis of reason." (Op. cit., p. 8.) The "medieval" natural law, which he charges had a fideistic basis, is the natural moral law, styled by St. Thomas a participation in the rational creature of the eternal law existing in God. Such assertions, in flagrant contradiction with explicit texts of Scholastic philosophers, and with the whole method of scholasticism, convict their authors of having even less first hand information on the system, than had Huxley, who, if the writer's

memory be not at fault, boasted of having taken "the heart out of Suarez" in the course of an afternoon's browsing in a library.

In the very first article of the *Summa Theologica*, a work which Dean Pound cites quite oppositely, St. Thomas distinguishes clearly between the knowledge that comes from reason, and the knowledge that comes from faith in a revelation that has been accredited to reason. He concludes his discussion of the question with the words: "It was therefore necessary that, besides philosophical science built up by reason, there should be a sacred science learnt by revelation." (*Summa Theol.* I, q. 1, a. 1.)

IN the reply to the second argument, which he urges against his own position, he writes: "Hence theology included in sacred doctrine differs in kind from that theology which is part of philosophy" (i.e. Reply obj. 2). For scholasticism is not afflicted with that pathological distrust of reason which stultifies so much of modern philosophy. Reason, it teaches, penetrates to the being of things, "das ding an sich"; hence when the scholastic philosopher uses that little word "is" in making an assertion based on objective evidence, he means what is says, and, unlike the Kantian, affirms objective reality, by which his mind is "measured," and not merely the phantasmagoria of a priori forms. Hence also, Saint Thomas defines General Metaphysics, the most abstract part of philosophy, as the science which has for its object being that it is common to everything. (In L. I., Anal. Post. Lect. 17.)

It is the function of reason to know not only things in themselves, but the order arising from their objective relations, the order of parts to the whole, the order of means to end. It studies the order it finds about it, and gives us the physical sciences and the metaphysics of being, general and special. It studies the order it should establish in its own operations and gives us logic. It studies the order it should put in the operations of its free will, in accordance with the exigencies of rational nature, and the objective relations binding the human person to the personal God, his First Beginning and Last End, to his fellow men to the irrational world, and gives us Ethics, the normative science of morals. (S. Thomas, in L. I.

Ethic. Lect. I.) For reason, with inexorable logic, rises from the consideration of the contingent, changing world of sense to a knowledge of the necessary, immutable, and uncaused Cause of contingent things and of their order. It rises to a knowledge of God, the Provident Creator and Last End of All, who rules the universe by his Eternal Law.

This law, according to Augustine, is "the reason, or the will of God, commanding the preservation and forbidding the disturbance of the natural order" (*Contra Faust.* XXII, 27), or, "The Supreme Reason, that we must always obey" for "it cannot be understood to be otherwise than unchangeable and eternal." (*De Lib. Arb.* I.) It is defined under its dynamic aspect by St. Thomas, as follows: "The type (or plan) of Divine Wisdom, as moving all things to their due end, bears the character of law. Accordingly the eternal law is nothing else than the type (or plan, "ratio") of Divine Wisdom, as directing all actions and movements." (*Summa Theol.* I, II, q. 93, a. 1.) Its existence is proven from the fact, that God, as an intelligent and all perfect agent, must have had an end in creating and willed it efficaciously.

The Natural Law, or the dictates of natural reason concerning moral good and evil and moral obligation, is a participation in this Eternal Law in the rational creature. For even man-made law would be meaningless, if it remained locked up in the mind of the legislator, and were not communicated to the mind of the subject whose activity it is intended to direct. Law, therefore, to obtain its purpose, must have a two-fold existence both "in him that rules and measures—and in that which is ruled and measured, since a thing is ruled and measured in so far as it partakes of the rule or measure." (St. Thomas, *Summa Theol.* I, II, q. 91, a. 2.) God, therefore, applies His Eternal Law to His creatures through the very natures, "the art of God," with which He has endowed them. Thus He directs irrational creatures to their due end by intrinsic natural forces determined to one mode of action, and rational man by his reason, which reads the will of his Maker in his very nature, in its rational inclinations and needs, and in the three-fold bond of relationship mentioned above.

There is "theology" in this system; but it is, in the words of Aquinas, the

theology that is a part of philosophy built up by human reason on the basis of objective reality; and the scholastic challenges any one to show a flaw in the structure from foundation to coping stone. This "theology" is the necessary basis of morality. Dean Pound, making his own the lay morality of Croce, says that such a system amounts to a theory of "a God set side by side with other sources of morality, or set above them as a superfluous source for the sources." (Law and Morals, p. 8, citing Croce, "The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico, Transl. Collingwood, 94.) God is not a superfluous source of morality. For without the Supreme Legislating Reason of God, moral law is nothing else than a code of table manners which forbids a man to put his knife in his mouth, or to make an improvised Jew's harp out of a soup spoon.

This "theology" is the necessary basis of civil law. For with the moral law removed, by the removal of its only competent Legislator, civil law loses all moral character, and becomes a mere expression of brute force, that may be met by force or eluded by wile. Then "Othello's occupation's gone" without hinge or loop to hang a doubt on; and Dean Pound should join the army of the unemployed. For in his theory the only competent professor of law is the man who can shoot quickest and straightest from the hip, or the nation that holds the secret of the most deadly gases. The learned Dean may not admit, that such theology is a part of philosophy; and his philosophical prejudice may have led him to substitute his interpretation of fact for fact, when he stated, that scholasticism did not place its jurisprudence squarely on a basis of reason. But such a procedure is an offense against the fundamental canons of historical science.

THE wierdest of these resurrected fantasias concerning scholasticism is piped by a Professor Jászi in his introduction to Englemann's study of the political philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, contained in the latter's "Political Philosophy from Plato to Jeremy Bentham." The German scholar's presentation of the thought of Aquinas is pretty much like Hamlet with the role of the methodically mad prince suppressed. But his sins are merely those of omission. Whereas his American sponsor offends violently and fantastically against his-

torical fact and even verisimilitude.

The professor tries hard to do justice to the contributions of Saint Thomas in the fields of Political Philosophy and Economy. But whatever favorable admissions he may make are irretrievably damned by the general verdict, he renders with the utmost assurance on the method and aim of this philosopher. St. Thomas, according to the Professor, is remarkable, not so much for the originality of his ideas, or the brilliancy of his analysis, as for his extraordinary power to combine and unify many divergent elements of thought into an apparently logical and convincing system. The aim of all this verbal manipulation on the part of the master was to put "the early traditions of Christianity (read—the Catholic Church) in harmony with the exigencies of the world diplomacy of the papal power." No proof, of course is offered for this latter statement, either from intrinsic evidence, or extrinsic authority.

Moreover in attributing an aim of political expediency to the philosophy of Aquinas, the Professor is blissfully ignorant of the fact, that the views of the former were vigorously combated by his fellow philosophers within the Church, and that this instrument, so admirably suited for its purpose," as he thinks it, was strangely neglected by the Church herself in her diplomatic relations with the other responsible authorities of the world.

THERE is space here for only one instance of Aquinas' verbal manipulation and word-mongering, which the Professor seems to regard as palmary. He adduces as proof of the lack of objective reality behind the scholastic distinctions the astounding fact, that "St. Thomas has four or five designations for the idea of law—Eternal, Natural, Human, Divine, and the Jus Gentium of the Romans. By this very ingenious, but sometimes imaginary procedure, he succeeds in finding at least a small drawer in the immense cupboard of his scholastic philosophy, in which to place, in a more or less dignified form, every rule of law and institution with which the new Papacy was obliged to deal." (Op. cit., p. 92.) This instance, and the applications the Professor makes of it, indicate, that the lack of thought, and even the power to recognize it, when presented to his bewildered mind, is

found in the Professor, and not in Saint Thomas.

For the Professor, the moral law, existing eternally in the mind of God, the Legislator of the moral order, the natural law—"Honor thy father and thy mother," uttered by the savage mind, the ceremonial law of Moses, and the Volstead Act, are all just law. To distinguish them is to disclose a sinister purpose of political expediency in the service of the new Papacy. One suspects, that if pushed, he would end by pronouncing magisterially, that law is law, if there is sufficient force back of it, just as pigs is pigs. Both may be a scurvy lot and a menace to the community; but law is law, as pigs is pigs. The Professor's thought cannot go deeper, nor compass a wider span. No wonder, then, that he complains of the verbalism of scholastic philosophy.

The Professor is just as ludicrously wrong in his appreciation of the political doctrine of Saint Augustine. He would have us believe, that this Doctor of the Church was a forerunner of the Anabaptists, "who by his rigid and ascetic doctrines—attacked the very essence of the secular state," as a work of evil and a band of brigands. It is not surprising, that the Professor, who can see only evidence of expert verbal quibbling in the distinction between the human law of some Genghis Kahn, delivered from the stirrup, and the Ten Commandments given on Mt. Sinai, should be baffled by the distinction between the state and a state. The Bishop of Hippo was attacking the latter, a State, which acted on the principle that its might was its right. The writer is not quite sure whether Mr. Charles A. Beard in his article entitled "The Political Heritage of the Twentieth Century" (Yale Review, Spring, 1929) pairs off in an academic duet with Professor Jászy on scholastic verbalism. If he does not, he is very unfortunate in his choice of words. In any case, he makes an excellent trio, barring some variations of his own, with Professors Gettel and Pound on scholastic fideism. The object of the article is to accredit economic determinism, an idea that Mr. Beard overworking.

The theory has been so shell-shocked by the blasting of fact, that the political followers of Marx have become somewhat doubtful of its practical value, and as the prosaic Right of the Radical Left are now working in various countries for the

advent of the things they hope for, by the diffusion of ideas through parliamentary lung power and voting strength. While in Russia, they are resorting to savage violence to hasten the advent of the millenium. But this does not trouble Mr. Beard, who sees the logical consequences of the theory as proofs of its truth. He, also, apparently, sings the same fantasia about scholastic word-mongers; for he refers to their social system as "the scholastic pattern of words," an example of which he sees in their "Fixed-order-of-God," assigning to each class in a fixed social order, its status, duties, and obligations.

He seems never to have read in St. Thomas, that, though authority as such must come from God, the actual holders of authority are determined by men; or that man, capable, by his reason of providing for himself and others, is by this fact raised to the dignity of a subordinate participation in Divine Providence, and is held responsible for the social and economic order he establishes. Nor does he seem to know, that in a Europe which held universally to the truth of this "Fixed-order-of-God," the sons of peasants and of merchants filled its chancelleries and shaped its laws, or that these same representatives of the humbler classes, and even slaves mounted the Chair of Peter.

BUT these are only minor manifestations of Mr. Beard's lack of understanding in the subject he treats. The only order he considers is the actual, physical, deterministic order postulated by science, an order that is a matter of brute fact. Of the essential, hierarchical order of being, on which the moral order is based, an order that will remain the same as long as God is God, and man is man, with a sensitive and rational nature, and surrounded by fellow men and irrational creatures, of this order he chooses to know nothing.

The result is the curious travesty he gives of this essential, moral order as held by the schoolmen. For he represents it as an order, with as little intrinsic reason to justify it, as the order which the grand marshal of a parade puts in its different units. For he contrasts it with "The Fixed-order-of-nature" discoverable by reason, with the evident implication, that the "Fixed-order-of-God" is not so discoverable, which it would be, if based on anything intrinsic to its ele-

ments. To any one knowing the medieval mind, such an extrinsic imposition is precisely what this essential moral order was not in the conception of those who held it. For they accepted the rational truths of an intelligent Creator, who acted for a purpose, and of an all-wise Creator, who fitted the work of His hands to achieve His purpose.

AND the schoolmen held that for this very reason, the human mind could discover the purpose of God in creation, and consequently the "Fixed-order-of-God," or the Natural Law. Mr. Beard next remarks with equal inaccuracy, that the defenders of this tenet were perplexed at the failure of human conduct to conform exactly to the regulations of the system. In other words, after describing "the Fixed-order-of-God" as purely extrinsic for the medieval schoolmen, he tells us that they conceived it as intrinsically deterministic in all of its parts.

For such perplexity could not arise, and was not felt by men, who made human liberty an essential element of that order, and proved that, whatever abuses it might perpetrate, it would ultimately be submitted to the exigencies of the moral order. Skillful weavers of verbal systems, or designers of word patterns, the schoolmen of the Middle Ages knew, at least, in matters logical, a hawk from a handsaw, and did not give us a system, one part of which destroys the other. The true "pattern of words," therefore, is furnished by Mr. Beard in the twentieth century. He is evidently not as successful in tracing the history of thought, as he is in giving us a vivid account of material facts.

Finally, when Mr. Beard writes, that this "Fixed-order-of-God" system appealed chiefly to thinkers in Catholic countries among the feudal and clerical classes, while the "Fixed-order-of-nature" scheme claimed the allegiance of mercantile and capitalist thinkers, he is simply detailing what he considers the logical consequences of economic determinism, and not giving us history. "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought." The fact is that the fixed moral order of God, in the true scholastic sense, was held by the merchant princes of the Hanseatic and Lombard Leagues.

It was taught by Leonard Lessius to the sons of prosperous burghers in

the Netherlands. Financiers, such as the Fuggers of Augsburg and Antwerp showed some concern for the exigencies of this order in their financial transactions. In many of their operations they may have derogated from it; but they knew that in doing so they were violating the moral law. Neither they, nor the Hansa merchant in the palmiest days of his monopoly, would have held what a big American industrialist held, when he said bluntly to the Industrial Commission in 1900: "I do not care two cents for your ethics. I do not know enough of them to apply them."

The supremacy of the moral law, "the legal dominion of reason and of justice," as he termed it, was eloquently defended by the Protestant Edmund Burke in eighteenth century England, and was asserted as the basis of American political theory by the Protestants, James Wilson, one of our first Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and a member of the Constitutional Convention, in his Lectures on Law, by Alexander Hamilton, in his controversy with Dr. Seabury, and by George Washington, in his Farewell Address to the Nation. It is true, that in many places the idea of the natural moral law has become obscured, and especially its application to the political and economic life of man has been lost to sight. But this is not due to the pressure of economic conditions. To offer such an explanation is to put the cart before the horse.

On the contrary it is due to other ideas, to the Protestant notion of the total depravity of human nature, which renders the assertion of a natu-

ral moral law impossible, and to the explicit teaching of Calvin concerning the positive character of the moral law. It is due to Protestant individualism and other specifically Calvinist teachings, as the Economists R. H. Tawney, Max Weber, and George O'Brien have shown. It is due finally to that Liberalism, in which the Revolt of the sixteenth century has issued, and which asserts the total independence of man from any supervising Deity.

This anti-scholastic legend started as a lampoon, which the Renaissance set to music, and which Luther, who had no love for reason, repeated in his own choice vernacular. The same Mother Goose rhyme has been sung ever since by some of their followers. The absurdity of their smug, intellectual phariseeism should long ago have struck its victims. For it is ridiculous to think, that a system, which formed the intellect of Europe, should be largely composed of words skillfully arranged to conceal the lack of thought.

Writers, therefore, on the subject would consult their reputation, if they would seek to know the real thought of Scholasticism; and if in their quest, they take one-half the trouble they go to, in order to discover the social protocols of anthropoid apes, they will silence the senseless song. However, if they must sing it, let them be content with looking wise over their horn-rimmed glasses, without trying to give nonexistent scholastic thought, and sing with Hamlet only "words, words, words."

Mary's Flower

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

HE promised her a garden fair;
(For He was God, you see.)
Oh, how that garden would be rare
With blossoms Heavenly!

But when the garden was complete,
And Mary sought the bower,
One bloom alone lay at her feet,
A single passion-flower.

"O garden of delights!" she said,
"Let other blossoms be
Across the world for all men spread—
This one He made for me!"

The Cockade

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

THE year 1808 had dawned, the last before the sacrilegious arrest and removal of Pope Pius VII from the Eternal City, and his imprisonment in France by Napoleon I. It had dawned very dark and full of the grave threats of impending peril. The French army was occupying Rome, and the general condition, instead of improving, grew incessantly more unbearable and more desperate.

That crushing power, far away, but penetrating everywhere and continuously in ever more stringent and despotic military interventions, had made of Immortal Rome a captive, agonizing city, and of the Supreme Pontiff a virtual prisoner, subjected to the gravest affronts, and forced to drink deep of the chalice of disgust and bitterness. He had formally declared to the representative of the French government that he "would not treat with him until the French troops had evacuated the capital"; and that "although he had used, and was still using, toward the same troops the regard which his character suggested, he could certainly not consider as friendly, troops which had entered the city in spite of his most solemn protest, which had violated his very residence, taken possession of the city and of the Castle, turned their guns toward his abode, the burden of whose maintenance weighed wholly upon his exchequer and upon his people, and who were obstructing his liberty."

The protest was not heeded. Alquier, the Minister, returned to France leaving a secretary in charge, and, on the following day, the French Command, which had already placed sentinels at all the city gates, took possession of the Relay Posts, of the Letter Post, and of the papal printing presses. It meant complete paralysis, impotence, and utter suppression of life and freedom. But it was not all. That same night of February 26, midnight being passed, silent messengers were stealing all over the city, notifying the officers of the small Pontifical army, cavalry and infantry, that they were to be present with their divisions at dawn the next morning, in the Pia-

azza Colonna. The order was signed by their own Lieutenant-Colonel Friez, a Corsican baron.

In the old historic Palazzo Gabrielli the order was received between one and two o'clock and the startled servants refused to disturb their young master; but the messenger was so insistent, the orderly at length ventured to awaken the sleeper. Prince Pompeo Gabrielli, a lieutenant in the *Cavaleggieri*, or Light Horse, a Roman patrician and wholly devoted to the Holy See, was just at that moment only a very sleepy and dazed young man. "What is it all about?" he murmured. "Have you any idea, Ricci?" "No, Sir; not I. But I suspect that fellow who brought it was a Frenchman. He didn't speak as we do."

Gabrielli raised himself upon his elbow. He remembered what they had done yesterday: the Relay Posts, the correspondence seized. Could it be a trap of some kind? But the order was an authentic order, signed by a superior officer, and the words "with your division" were reassuring. He would not be alone. Yet how strange the whole thing was! This summons at 2 A.M., to assemble at dawn, and in the Piazza Colonna! A deep anxiety entered the young man's soul. He was not afraid, he was a soldier. But this foreign power which had forced the city, and threatening all that was holiest and most dear to him in it, was a dread and unsufferable thing. He must consult Mario; Mario had a good head and might see through the problem. But the elder brother, awakened, had nothing to suggest. He was in the Pope's own bodyguard, the *Guardia Nobile*, and had not been summoned. "Can't understand it at all," he growled.

"Mario, d'you think it possible that we should be rising against the invaders?"

"No, I don't. The Holy Father doesn't wish us to fight. And they have put us in irons so thoroughly that we cannot stir hand or foot, even if we had wanted to. I don't like that Friez of yours."

"Why, he's my superior officer!"

"Yes, but he's a Corsican, like

Bonaparte, and I don't trust him. Go back to bed, boy, and don't leave your lights burning or we shall be accused of sitting up at night to conspire against the French." The younger brother obeyed, but there was no more sleep for him that night, and it was dark still when he rose and dressed. At 6:50 exactly he was in the Piazza Colonna with his division, and what he found was that the whole of the small Pontifical army was assembling under the same order that he had received himself. They did not have long to wait.

Swinging into the square after them, band playing and colors flying, came the French troops which surrounded them on all sides and stood, with the little force of Romans in their midst; and it was then announced that it was the pleasure of His Majesty the Emperor that the Pontifical troops should be incorporated with the army of France. A Superior officer brought tricolor cockades and presented them to the officers of the Holy Father, requesting them to wear them, and the young men, receiving them in silence, and looking toward their own Lieutenant-Colonel Friez, who was in command, saw him place the rosette on his helmet, over the crimson-and-orange one, made in the colors of the city of Rome. Some were profoundly scandalized, and, having been taken by surprise, held the cockade in their hand or slipped it into their pocket. The majority thought the matter one of very slight importance, and did as Friez had done.

THE assembly broke up, the various divisions returning to their quarters, and the city remained quiet, deadly quiet as it had been now a long time, save for the *fanfares* of the invaders. But, beneath the surface, tumultuous currents were in action. Even before the protest of the Pontiff, the Commander-in-chief of his little army, Colonel Bracci, waited upon by high officers of the occupation, indignantly refused to accept the cockade, declaring that he had only one master, to whom he had taken his oath of allegiance as a sol-



St. Peter's from the Light-Horse Gateway.

dier, and that was the Pope. He was arrested forthwith and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo. Then came the sorrowful, eloquent, and touching protest of Pius VII, declaring that "those even who had sworn to faithfully defend and protect the Holy See, those upon whom he had relied with certain confidence, his own sons, had abandoned him."

THE sun had not set before the young men who had gathered in the Piazza Colonna at dawn, at least the greater number of them, knew that they had been betrayed, and had betrayed. A small number, together with the Corsican Friez, wore the tricolor and wrote to ask the Pontiff if they might be permitted to come and offer their congratulations on the anniversary of his coronation! Of the number of those who had death in their souls was Pompeo Gabrielli. He had not fully realized what he was doing. At six of the morning a man is half asleep. And how could he ever have imagined what those confounded Frenchmen were going to do? Now he hated himself. He

loathed himself. And he hoped nobody would speak to him on the way home, for he would certainly kill any man who should dare either to praise or blame him.

In the privacy of his room, he hurled the rosette savagely under the bed, where he hoped it would be out of sight; then sat with his head on his hands. What was he going to do? He did not know yet that Pius VII had wept when he heard of this defection; he did not know yet that Bracci, true man and true soldier, was entering at that moment the frightful, massy walls of the military prison. But some nameless anguish of dread, of remorse, of shame, was the clamor of his conscience against a moment of unintentional weakness. When they had found themselves in the guard-house in the barracks, a brother officer had gazed at him with eyes that reflected his own anxiety.

"Rather bad business this, hey Pompey? What are we going to do now?" But the prince had no idea. He was only infinitely sorry for what he had done already. Presently the old prince, his father, came to the

young man's room. It was evident that he was intensely agitated.

"What is all this talk about the Pontifical troops having gone over to the Emperor? Some muddle, I suppose, of the gossips, or some fresh outrage of the French! Do you know anything about it, Pompeo?"

"All I know, Sir, is that our own lieutenant-commander ordered us to be in the Piazza Colonna with our divisions this morning at sunrise, and that there the imperial forces surrounded us—it has since dawned on me that the action was a menace but I did not see it at the time—and the French General informed us that we were, by the Emperor's orders, to be incorporated into his army."

"BUT the officers of the Pontifical Army refused?"

"No, Sir. Nobody refused. They did not ask us if we were willing or not."

"But, son, you are soldiers of the Pontiff. What becomes of your allegiance to him?"

"Father, that is what I should like to know. They form a square around us and announce to us that we are a part of the Emperor's army. Would you call that going over to them? Are they not invaders and hated by us all?"

"But, boy, I do not see why you did not instantly rebel and refuse to comply."

"Well, Dad, if you ask me, I don't know myself why I did not. But I looked at Friez and he was quietly fastening the Emperor's colors on his helmet, so I supposed that was the right thing to do. Half the men did the same. I didn't. I couldn't. All the time I kept thinking: 'Isn't the Pope your master and lord?' And I stuffed the thing in my pocket. But I shall always be sorry I did not fling it in the face of the man who handed it to me. You must think me a d— coward; but it was only that I did not think quick enough."

"I was just told that a French officer met two men of your own regiment not half an hour ago on the Corso, and stopped to ask them why they were not wearing the tricolor. They answered that they were soldiers of His Holiness and that it did not become them to wear any badge but his. The Frenchman insisted on taking their names."

"Who were they, father?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid

there is going to be more trouble. Yesterday the civic officers, and today the army. Bonaparte has his foot upon our necks. By the way, your Aunt Costaguti is quite ill. You had better go over there and inquire. All this worry and anxiety for the Holy Father has nearly killed her."

The young man was glad of the suggestion to do something, anything. The Costaguti Palace was not far, a delightful fifteenth century construction, with a gallery overhanging the side-street, and splendidly frescoed ceilings. On the piazza, in front of it, is that gem of a fountain, the *Fontana delle Tartarughe*, with the four graceful youths each holding down a dolphin with his foot, and with his hand tipping a tortoise into the shell-shaped basin above his head that it may drink of the splashing water. Pompeo Gabrielli did not even know that he passed the fountain which had so often made him laugh in his childhood. The Marchesa Costaguti was in bed; a very small, fiery gentlewoman in a very large stately bed, much propped with pillows, and with a pale grey-blue damask quilt over her knees.

"Go out," she said to the maid sitting near the window; then, leaning on her two hands to hold herself erect, she turned her face, burning with anger and fever, toward her nephew.

"So you have seen fit to come and see me, Sir? I suppose you wish me to congratulate you on your dishonor?"

"My dishonor, Aunt?"

"Yes, your dishonor, as a traitor, as a soldier who breaks his oath of allegiance, as a prince unworthy of his race and name."

"Really, Aunt—"

"Don't answer me! Don't speak! I do not wish to hear your voice. I do not wish for your presence. I am Gabrielli, your father is Gabrielli. You are not. I do not know what you are. But not one of us. We never break our faith; we never betray a trust."

"If you would allow me to explain—"

"I will not allow it! No explanation that you could offer would ever justify your conduct. I have been informed. You, a Roman Prince, are a coward—"

"Madam, I—"

"... A soldier of the Pope, and you betray him." Then she cov-

ered her face with her hands, the first blaze of fury over, and began to weep. She did not see the profound distress, the anguish in the young man's face. He had grown pale under the lash of her words. Now he stood gazing at her, wishing to speak, afraid of being the cause of fresh agitation to her.

"Aunt Mary," he began again gently, but at the sound of his voice she lifted herself in a fresh access of rage: "Leave this room! Leave this house! I am no aunt of yours, nor of anybody like you. And do not dare to appear before me again until you shall have purged yourself of your treason!"

Pompeo Gabrielli turned and walked out of the room. He was angry now, almost as angry as she was, and smarting under a sense of injustice. Really, there are limits; and she had gone too far. As he crossed the drawing-room of state on his way out, he met her husband, the aged Marquis Costaguti.

"Ah, Pompeo, you have been to see your Aunt Maria. That was kind. I was so sorry to hear about poor Bracci."

"What about Bracci, uncle?"

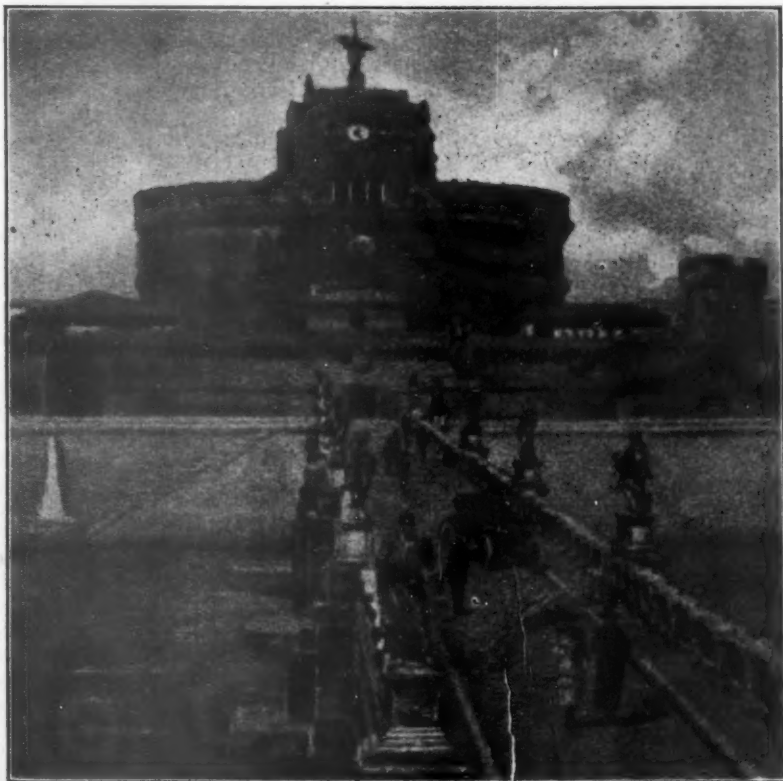
"How! Your own Colonel, and you have not heard? He was arrested this morning and imprisoned at Castle St. Angelo. They say the Holy Father is beside himself with indignation and grief at the outrage. I don't know how all this dreadful business is going to end. I don't know what is to become of poor, unhappy Rome. As long as you are here, won't you stay and dine with me, Pompeo?" The young man did not even hear the request.

"Why," he asked confusedly like a man who is not fully conscious, "why did they arrest Bracci?"

"Nephew, you really surprise me! Why did they arrest him? Were you not at the assembly in Piazza Colonna this morning?"

"I WAS. But Friez was in command. Bracci was not there."

"Well, they know where he lives. Some high officer went to him with a tricolor telling him that the entire Pontifical Army had assumed it and was now incorporated in the army of His Majesty the Emperor; and Bracci answered that what he said 'was a d— lie.' He had taken his oath of allegiance to the Holy Father



To San Angelo across the Tiber.



The Fountain of the Tortoises.

and knew no other master. He would die sooner than desert him. What is the matter Pompeo?"

"**N**OTHING, nothing. Good-bye, uncle." The great *salone* with frescoes by Guercino in the vaulting, and the panellings of antique damask upon the walls, was swimming around him. Bracci was showing them what they should have done. Bracci, when he heard of their defection, could not believe it; he said it was a lie. And he was in prison for his loyalty! What should he, Lieutenant Gabrielli, do? He was so agitated he did not know himself that he had plunged down the grand staircase, hastened, without seeing it, past the Fountain of the Tortoises, and so, stumbling blindly, reached the church of the Gesu. It is one of the sanctuaries most beloved by the Romans, and the young man sought at once the beautiful chapel of Our Lady of the Wayside, *S. Maria della Strada*, where the magnificent, austere Madonna, sparkling with gems, and with her eloquent eyes that watch and seem to question all those who come pleading before her shrine, hears and answers the prayers and the tears poured forth beneath the holy image as age succeeds age.

Pompeo Gabrielli had often visited

this altar and he knelt down now imploring the cherished Madonna for light and guidance; for protection, too, for he realized that the enemy was powerful and would brook no opposition. He was seeing more and more clearly every moment; and Our Lady of the Wayside was illuminating him so vividly that presently he would have no doubt at all. He left the church with his soul quiet, and full of a resolution so firm that, in it, he found perfect tranquillity. Curiously, there was even a physical reaction in him. He walked erect, shoulders back, his step assured. First he went into the coffee-house at the corner of the square, hoping to find some of his brother-officers who were in the habit of frequenting it. It was almost deserted today, for the dread and anguish which was brooding over the city kept the population in retirement. One man he found, writing laboriously, his empty cup beside him, upon the marble table. The newcomer sat down: "Greetings," he said briefly. The writer, who was bare-headed, lifted his eyes, first, to his fellow-soldier's head-gear, then he replied gravely: "Salve! God save our Pope and destroy all his enemies!"

"Amen." Gabrielli picked up his friend's helmet. It had the old rosette

upon it: crimson-and-orange.

"Humph," said the Prince. He was quite serene now, cheerful, even. "Why don't you put it on your head instead of on the chair?"

"Because I was afraid one of those blankety blanks would interrupt me before I finished this letter and it is of extreme importance. Take off your's too, Pompey, till I read it to you."

"No, boy. Read away, but my helmet stays on my head."

"Listen then. It's to the French General about that little matter, you know. *Monsieur le General*: It is my duty to protest most energetically against the action taken this morning against the officers and men of the army of His Holiness, surrounding them as if conquered, and inducing a few, taken by surprise, to accept, although unwillingly, the colors of His Majesty the Emperor, which are not those of our lawful Sovereign, His Holiness the Pope. I have the honor to express to you here my deep regret at having appeared to consent to the substitution of colors, a substitution to which I shall never consent, for I am and mean to remain, at all costs, a soldier of the Pope."

"Good for you, Giuseppe! I must write him one, too. We shall probably both go to the lock-up for it, but it's got to be done."

"Several of the fellows have written already; but not all of them, you know. Some of them have got the Napoleon fever and have gone with Friez. Let us take a walk down the Corso, will you?"

"Sorry, but I can't. I have promised to go and see that little cousin of mine."

"Ah, yes, I know. The nymph and dryad, fair as Aurora. I'll shake hands with you, Pompeo, because times are so uncertain, I don't know if we shall meet again after the noble General gets my letter. Present my respects to the Princess."

THEY parted laughing, but the long grip of the hand, and the eyes that looked into the eyes, full of mutual trust, full of affectionate care but darkened by the vast fear of the unknown, were a genuine farewell. Gabrielli made his way back to the labyrinth of small streets, narrow and twisting, in the neighborhood of the Fountain of the Tortoises; but it was not to the peppery Marchesa his aunt that he was going this time. He

stopped instead at the Palazzo Anticimattei, with its fine courtyard adorned with antique sculpture—gems dug up principally in the fifteenth century upon property of the Matteis—and asked to see the dowager Princess. As a matter of fact, he was not at all interested in seeing this, his great-aunt; but no well-bred man in those days would ask to see a young girl alone. Fortune favored him, for she came in alone, nevertheless, her gleaming hair piled in curls, her delicate skin clear white and rose-tinted, her short-waisted white dress bound by a sash of pale-blue.

"GRANDMA has a headache," she said. "I am so sorry she cannot come down." Gabrielli was struck dumb at the loveliness, the peculiarly luminous radiance of this vision. The girl understood, and the color began to deepen in her own cheeks. "Won't you sit down, cousin?" she blurted uncomfortably. And still he gazed at her. Then he suddenly came to his senses. "Thank you, thank you," he stammered and took a seat. For a moment there was a perfect and complete silence between them; then Gabrielli mustered his courage.

"I am sorry my Lady Aunt is not well. I may have to go out of town for a while and I had wished to kiss her hand before I go." The exquisite eyes were raised a moment in surprise, and he detected the unspoken anxiety: "You are going away?"

"I hope not for long. But everything is uncertain these days."

"Is it true that the French Commander made you change your cockades this morning?"

"Have you heard of that, too?"

"But all Rome is speaking of it. Of course I heard. What did you do, cousin?"

"What do you think I did?"

"You refused," she said quickly.

"No. I am sorry I was not so heroic as that." (The spasm of pain that swept across her face stabbed him, then left a curious exultant throbbing at his heart.) "I did not refuse to take their cockade, but I did not put it on."

"I knew you would not."

"You knew?"

"Yes, somebody told Grandmama that you were one of the officers who at once fastened the tricolor over the old rosette, but I was sure it was not true." She saw the look in his eyes and the tell-tale blood mantled her face.

"I thank you for your faith in me," he said, rather brokenly, "but I am not a true man: for a true man would not have taken it at all." And now the sleek dark head was bowed, and the quick tears came to the girl's eyes, but she forced them back bravely. "My uncle, Cardinal Altieri, was here before you came," she said irrelevantly. The disconnected remark aroused the young man.

"Oh, was he?" He wondered what that had to do with his sorrow.

"He had received notice that, in consequence of the tampering with his troops, the Holy Father is going to change the colors of their cockade. They are no longer to wear the maroon-and-orange of Rome, but the proper colors of the Holy See, yellow-and-white. And he is sending this badge to all the foreign representatives in Rome to have it officially recognized. Don't say anything about this, cousin, because it is not yet known publicly; but he left us one for a pattern." She drew from her breast a rose of white-and-yellow silk ribbon.

"Isn't it pretty?" she questioned. "I have copied it already, and this,

the original one, is for you." The young man shook his head.

"It is very kind of you, little cousin, but I cannot take it now. I am not worthy of it. Will you keep it for me until I come back . . . from the country? And when I come back, there is something else I am going to ask you. . . . I wanted you to know." His emotion was so deep and genuine it was contagious, and she felt that she was trembling; but she did not answer. He bowed over her hand and kissed it, then walked out, a tall figure, slender and very straight, in the dark-blue uniform with crimson facings. The *salone* is rather dark after the sun leaves the courtyard; and perhaps it was just as well.

IT was not much later in the day that the same tall figure entered the great gateway of the Castle of St. Angelo and asked to speak with General Miollis. He sent in his name as "Lieutenant Prince Gabrielli of the Light Horse of His Holiness," and was requested to wait. It was a rather long wait, but at length he was ushered into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief of the French army



Chapel of Our Lady of the Wayside.

of occupation. Gabrielli walked up to the table at which the General was writing and saluted. Then he laid down a tricolor cockade.

"General," he said, "I have come to return the rosette one of your officers handed me this morning. I regret that I did not do this at once, but we were taken unawares. It is out of the question for me, as a soldier under the orders of His Holiness, to wear any colors but his."

"I am sorry, Monsieur, that you will not consent to be incorporated in the army of His Majesty the Emperor, which is one of the most glorious in the world."

"I have no doubt concerning its valor, General, but my duty of allegiance to my rightful Sovereign forbids what would be an act of disloyalty."

"You understand, of course, that in refusing to obey the orders of the Emperor, who has commanded me to incorporate the Pontifical troops with

his own, you become guilty of *lese-majesty*."

"Sir, I have only one master and that is His Holiness the Pope. I am not a subject of His Majesty the Emperor, consequently I cannot be guilty of *lese-majesty* toward him."

"But this is open rebellion! His Majesty has taken the city of Rome and is now in possession of it. You cannot disobey his orders, Monsieur."

"His Majesty has invaded the city of Rome, General; but it belongs only to its legitimate lord, His Holiness the Pope."

"This is unsufferable, Monsieur, pure treason. I cannot permit you, or any man in Rome, to refuse obedience to the commands of His Majesty." And turning to another table, where three or four officers were bending over their work: "Lieutenant Gabrielli is under arrest," he said, "to be confined to the Castle." One of the younger men came forward and took the cavalry sword.

"This way," he said, rather low. Pompeo Gabrielli, head high, walked toward the door. As he passed the table where the three remaining men sat, they rose simultaneously, and the glance of the three rested upon him, a long glance, while they stood stiffly at salute. From the little terrace he was crossing, the prisoner saw the blue dome of St. Peter's in the golden haze of sunset. It gave him a sense of the things that are celestial, immutable, eternal, and, involuntarily, he smiled.

NOTE.—The Holy Father protested most earnestly against the imprisonment of the officers who had asserted their loyalty to the Holy See, but they were nevertheless kept in confinement at Fort St. Angelo and afterwards transferred to the military prison at Mantua. They only regained their freedom when the Pontiff, after his exile in France, was able to return to Rome. The arrest of the Prince Pompeo Gabrielli, one of the most conspicuous of the young patricians of this day, for his loyalty to the Holy See, is matter of history.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD 10% OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE.

ESSAYS IN ORDER. By Jacques Maritain, Peter Wust and Christopher Dawson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

It is not often that the reviewer finds such unalloyed pleasure in his task as that which falls to his lot in reading *ESSAYS IN ORDER*. This extraordinary book is a veritable trumpet call, or rather a trio of trumpet calls to such as feel lethargic in the face of the great battle even now joining between the Church of Christ and all its old enemies, the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

We do not, alas, in this country fully realize the crisis in the affairs of the world in the midst of which we are so composedly living. But here is that which should assuredly waken us to a fitting sense of responsibility.

The work is composed of three essays, by a French, a German and an English author and each one of them bears witness to the strength of the Catholic renaissance in his own country. To them the signs of the times are not difficult to read, for it is obvious that the full energies of the Protestant infidelity and the pagan insurrection against Christ set free by the catastrophe of the "Reformation," are now drawn together for united action against the Faith.

Jacques Maritain is probably the best known of our three authors in this country. He is one of the leaders in the French wing of this army of new crusaders and his thesis here is, as always, St. Thomas Aquinas as the apostle of the new age. Peter Wust, his German ally and Christopher Dawson are less familiar to us, but it is probable that they will not remain so. Together they present a most interesting contrast of personal and national characteristics bound together to effect what is to each and every one of them the object nearest to the heart, namely to make prevail the saving principles of Catholic Faith.

There is some difficult reading in the volume, especially in the first section of Maritain's great essay, "Religion and Culture." Not a great deal of it, however, and it well repays one the effort, necessary to follow, for as he falls into the full swing of his powerful argument, he rises gradually to an all but poetic intensity of emotion and hard must be the heart or dull the brain that can follow him unmoved.

Some there are who claim that the old high eloquence of the past has wearied and died in this modern time, but here are those who have restored it, bearing witness once more that inspiration is the legitimate daughter of our Faith.

SEX EDUCATION AND TRAINING IN CHASTITY. By Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O. M. Cap., Ph.D., Litt. D. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Dealing with very much the same aspect of the sex problem as Dr. Walsh, whose book is reviewed elsewhere on this page, Father Kirsch takes up the subject from a more systematically historical point of view. He, like his great contemporary, brings to bear a whole battery of authorities in support of the Church's attitude in the matter, and from the most various sources, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, and it is a matter of great interest to study the judgments on similar questions with a view to comparison.

The fundamental principle that training in chastity is of far greater value in combating the powerful but illicit appeal made by this impulse in the case of so vast a number of boys and girls, than information per se, is equally stressed, and the difficulty of judging of the when and how of sex instruction is also remarked. It becomes apparent as we follow Father Kirsch's arguments that this difficulty lies mainly in the fact that a very grave danger always lurks in imparting information, the danger namely of stimulating before the normal time an undue interest in a subject that might otherwise pass unnoticed until an age when character had been more firmly formed.

There can be little doubt that one of the chief dangers threatening our modern culture is the early age at which children become sex conscious and, while this of course must be corrected, great care should be exercised so that the attempted correction should not prove an added incitement.

The volume contains two valuable sections, one on Catholic education for marriage and the other on Catholic character education. Father Kirsch is to be congratulated on making a very valuable contribution to this much vexed problem.

EVOLUTION AND FAITH WITH OTHER ESSAYS. By Bishop Hedley. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$3.25.

There can be no doubt that the republication of the essay "Evolution and the Faith" by the late Bishop Hedley has a very considerable value, not, indeed, because it is an answer to anything of moment that the foes of the Church are saying today, for the point of attack has shifted from questions of biology to metaphysics and ethics, but rather because when, as must inevitably happen, the whole non-Catholic world begins to reconsider the basis of its unbelief, it will do well to meet it with the rebuttals that were originally urged.

As an argument against the Faith Darwinism is today dead and cold. To the man who knows anything of either it might as well be urged as an argument against the theory of relativity. Nevertheless it is highly instructive as an exposition of the Church's attitude towards the early followers of Darwin who somewhat lost their heads over the new biological doctrine and ascribed a more universal significance to it than did its originator himself.

It is also interesting as a reminder of the masterly writing of this protagonist of the early Catholic revival in England, who has been too much forgotten. In this connection some of the other essays such as "Leo XIII and Modern Studies" or "Catholicism and Culture" are even more to the point. These may be read today with more of the lively interest attaching to living issues and bear at least equal testimony to the scholarly attainments and vital style of this great bulwark of the English Catholic Church.

Not the least interesting item in the book is the long "Introduction" of Abbot Cuthbert Butler whose review of the times when Bishop Hedley wrote and of the controversies and questions that then exercised men's minds is full of pungent wisdom.

INTO THEIR COMPANY. By A Medical Woman, A Girl and A Wife. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.00.

There is plenty of sane advice in this little book in which the author, "A Medical Woman, a Girl and a Wife" speaks to young girls on the duties and responsibilities of love and marriage. One feels that she has very successfully taken to heart the principles laid down in the more technical works on sex problems reviewed on this page and put them into practice. There is a union of frankness and reserve very commendable and the girl who reads it should find it a true help amid the welter of strange and subversive doctrine that she hears about her on all sides today.

APOLOGETICS. By Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D., S.T.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis and London. \$2.00.

Like the work on Ethics by the same author mentioned last month, *APOLOGETICS* by Professor Paul J. Glenn of the College of St. Charles Borromeo, is a text book pure and simple. Its primary place is in the class room where it offers to the student a particularly well classified and succinct resume of the fundamental evidences of our Faith.

The addition of this volume to the Ethics greatly enhances the value of both and there is a phrase in the preface that seems to suggest that Professor Glenn may have it in mind to add yet other treatises on allied subjects to these. It is to be heartily hoped he may for certainly a series of such works would appropriately form the nucleus of a most valuable library of reference for all who are interested—and none should be without such an interest—in the basis of Christian theology.

SAINT TERESA IN HER WRITINGS. By The Abbé Rodolphe Hoornaert, D. es-L. Translated by the Rev. Joseph Leonard, C.M. Sheed and Ward, London, 15 shillings and 8d.

It is not unnatural that the men of each age should feel that there is something peculiarly significant about it, that of all times it is the most pregnant with possibilities for the future. Certainly we today have ample excuse for the feeling, yet, when we turn back to the sixteenth century, with its beauty, its violence and upheaval, we must admit that there was at least equal excuse for such a conviction then.

Indeed there were many points in

common between that time and our own. Then as now there was unrest and dissatisfaction with life, disturbing with sombre threats the minds of men. Then as now there was a dreadful threat against the stability of the Rock of Peter, so that even with the promise of Our Lord it required all the faith of the good man to overcome his fears.

Against the almost sulphurous background of the period there stand up great figures that seem like expiatory offerings of the earth for all the weight of sin with which it was burdened, and among these none is more striking in its white flame of spiritual ardor than St. Teresa of Avila.

The Abbe Hoornaert combines the qualities of scholarship and an emotional enthusiasm for his theme that make him a most convincing historian. One seems to see the pride and glory of Spain rising before him in these pages, the furious valor too often tainted with cruelty, and shares with an almost personal reaction in the sufferings, the difficulties, the triumph of the Saint.

We have not today reached the point of furious conflict that characterized St. Teresa's age, but the elements that make for such a state are present and growing and these points of similarity make the great Saint in whose personality we see the true reaction of the Faith against its enemies, a particularly appealing figure to us all.

SEX INSTRUCTION. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York. \$——.

An extraordinary number of books on sex problems are coming from the pens of Catholic authors today, a significant and justifiable reaction to the positive morass of vagueries on the same subject produced by what is well nigh the *idée fixe* of the modern world.

History has shown us in no uncertain terms that the society which turns its attention inordinately to this aspect of life, beautiful in itself, but capable of such appalling degradation, has in it the seeds of decay, seeds, that unless their germination be checked, will bring to enervation and finally to death the strongest and most vital people.

It is, then, the office of the Church to fly with all its weapons to the rescue when such grave symptoms are in evidence, and that they are in evidence today amongst ourselves not the most confirmed optimist will deny. Hence these books the work of the Church's champions, taking up from many aspects the Catholic attitude towards this vitally important subject and showing forth the wise *via media* between the Puritan

prudery which has been the Protestant tradition until recently and the pagan pruriency that has in the last few years rushed in to take its place.

One of the most important of these works is *SEX INSTRUCTION* by Dr. James J. Walsh, the eminent authority on medical subjects and Catholic teaching, whose knowledge and experience in both these realms give to his book an unique authority.

Dr. Walsh takes up the subject of the instruction of children in sex knowledge and the wisdom of the position taken by the Church can hardly fail to recommend itself to all reasonable men. Here, as in so many other questions of conduct, the Church is adamant as to general principles while exercising the wisest latitude regarding their application to the specific case. It recognizes that information for the growing child and youth is necessary but will lay down no general rule as to when or what must be told since each child offers a special problem to the discrimination of its parents. But while information is necessary if only to insure that this shall not be gained from impure or ignorant sources, a far more vital factor is the training of the will so that there will be found the requisite strength of character to resist new and unfamiliar occasions of sin.

The book is full of quotations dealing with advice given by the wise to their children dating from all periods of history from that of the Vizier of King Itosi of Egypt some five thousand years ago, who even in that early period had grasped the necessity of prudence in this dangerous department of life, down to recognized theological and medical authorities of today, and points to the amazing agreement on the part of these over so great a period.

IN DEFENCE OF PURITY. By Dietrich Von Hildebrand. Sheed & Ward, London, 6 shillings and 4d.

Along with the emphasis put upon sex by the modern age there goes a curious contempt for ideals which, as the result of Christian ethical concepts have held the field in human belief for nineteen centuries, more especially of the ideal of purity, chastity, virginity, which has come to be regarded as a negative suppression of the natural instincts of man.

That nothing could be further from the truth is evident to anyone who knows from experience, or even hearsay, what that ideal is. For it is almost a truism to say that in spiritual as in material things extremes meet and that what often appears to the un-

instructed to be the same are in reality diametrically opposed in their true natures.

It is of that sublime spiritual thing, only to be reached by aid of supernatural grace, positive purity, that Professor Von Hildebrand has sprung to the defence in this notable volume.

It is typical of the great German school of Catholic literature, that is today well on the way to capturing first place in the artistic expression of central Europe, that mystical ideas should be treated in simple straightforward language that may be understood by all.

Certainly this the achievement of Von Hildebrand in his *IN DEFENCE OF PURITY* and the reader feels at once the peculiar strength that the author derives from his subject. Here is a new view of the sex problem, new, that is, to the world of modern thought that finds its fulfillment in surrender to passion. It seems to be quite beyond the comprehension of this philosophy, if philosophy it may be called, that a higher joy and satisfaction, nay, a more complete expression of personality, may be found in forbearance than in surrender, if the forbearance be practiced for a higher aim. Yet that this is so is obvious, since it is in such forbearance that man has won his supremacy, his almost infinitely increased personality, over the brute.

For an understanding of this, let those who feel on the point of surrender to the insidious poison of the modern view, seek, as they might a haven in a storm, such simple yet profound a teaching as this book affords.

PRINCIPLES OF CATHOLIC SEX MORALITY. By Dr. Rudolph Geis, S.T.D., translated by Charles Bruehl, Ph.D. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York. \$1.25.

Yet another work on sex problems written from the high and sane position of the Catholic Church is this short treatise by the eminent German scholar, Dr. Rudolph Geis of the Archbishop Seminary of Freiburg. Dr. Geis approaches his subject from what is perhaps a more technically philosophic viewpoint than the other authors whose books are reviewed on this page, but his treatment is so clear that the average reader need have no fear of mystification.

This brief critique of the Catholic ethics of sex morality brings to be weighed in the balance of reason the various theories of his subject. That self control is needful is made evident at once on the basis of biology and the spiritual development of man, and this

principle once allowed, he goes on to show that it is in Catholic teaching alone that we may look either for sanctions sufficiently valid or for impulses powerful enough to bring order out of the sexual chaos into which we seem on the point of falling, if we have not already taken the plunge.

This, as well as the other works mentioned is a strong antidote for the deadly poison of unrestraint and should find its place in the library of every man who realizes however dimly the dangers of the modern popular view.

PRAYER. By Dom. Thomas Verner Moore, O.S.B. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis and London. \$1.75.

Mysticism is a subject from which the average man starts somewhat back as quite inappropriate to him and the life he must lead in a world that has little time and less inclination for contemplation.

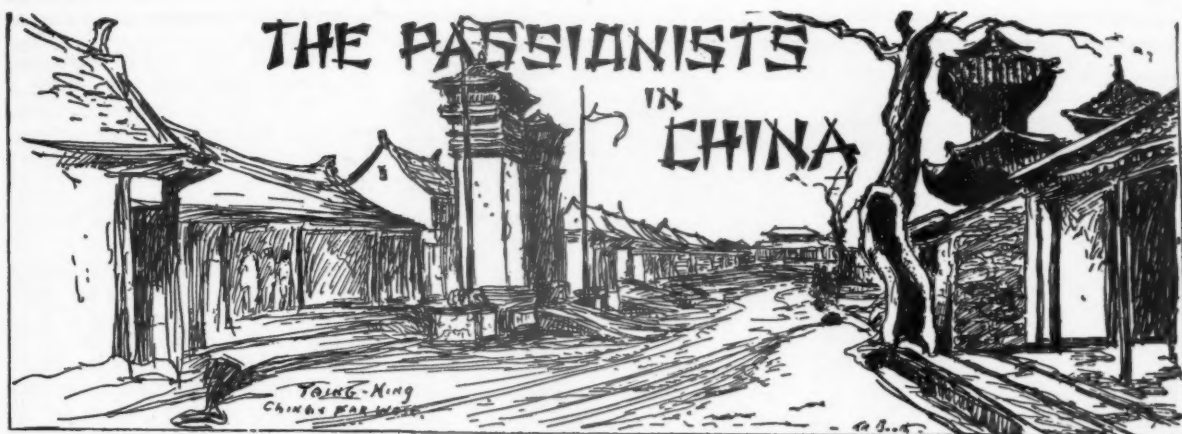
It is his mistake and a mistake through which he closes the door on what might be his own greatest happiness, on what may well prove to be the salvation of the earth-bound spirit of the age.

We have the word of no less a philosopher than St. Thomas himself that all our business, all our practical affairs are in one sense the ministers of contemplation; "So that, properly considered, all the activities of human life seem to be in the service of such as contemplate the truth."

Not all of us, indeed, can be contemplatives in the full sense of the word, yet there are very few so constituted that some taste of this, the sweetest of all savors that may pass the tongue of the spirit in this world, may not be experienced if we will but set ourselves the task of following after it. And the path to it is prayer. Not to take that path is like refusing the highway in preference for the morass; to refuse even to consider it is like turning our back to one who offers us our heart's desire.

In this short book Dom. Thomas Verner Moore has pointed out the path, which turns out to be so simple that there are none who cannot advance at least a few steps along it and so start a journey that leads at last to the Beatific vision itself.

Many of us are eager to learn what we may do with our poor powers to aid the cause of the Church in this day of strong infidelity and are at a loss to know. It is a tenable proposition that it shall be through the prayer of contemplation that this great object shall be best served, so that here, indeed, is an answer to our question.



Père Perrin

By JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

THREE ravens flew overhead, their black wings casting a sinister shadow over the land; suddenly, with hoarse croaks, they wheeled and descended on a brown field which showed not even a blade of grass where once there had been verdant crops.

"If our friends, the ravens, find food to eat in this forlorn country, it is more than we shall do, Père Perrin."

Père Perrin shook his head sadly. "Now I know what 'the abomination of desolation' means, Père Le Brun. I always used to wonder about it. Look, we are coming to the Chang village; we shall soon see what our poor children are suffering here."

Slowly and footsore they plodded to the little hamlet, sorrowful because of the sights they had seen, and the stories they had heard. Père Perrin fingered his rosary and his lips moved constantly, though no sound escaped them. Père Le Brun knew that he was praying for his flock.

For fifty years these two good Fathers had lived in China; they had studied at the same seminary in France and had sailed on the same ship to the Far East. The result of this daily and hourly companionship was that, as Père Le Brun used laughingly to say, "We even think the same thoughts; we have no need to talk."

They had often seen destitution. Even in good years, the streets were full of hungry people, but in the past summer there had been floods that broke all records, and during the winter came the most appalling

famine that they had ever known. With the February cold, terrible rumors reached them of the conditions in their country parishes, so they had decided to make a tour of inspection to see what could be done. The results had confirmed their worst fears, and Père Le Brun noticed that Père Perrin seemed to age greatly from day to day.

On the outskirts of the village they

met an old man in a single ragged garment; his teeth chattered when the cold wind struck him. At first they did not recognize him, but when he approached them and began to speak, they saw to their consternation that it was Chang, the head man of the hamlet, who had been a prosperous, well-dressed farmer when last they had seen him. Even in his misery he did not forget his native courtesy. "Ah, good Fathers, are you out in the country?" (It is always proper in China to ask an obvious question by way of salutation.)

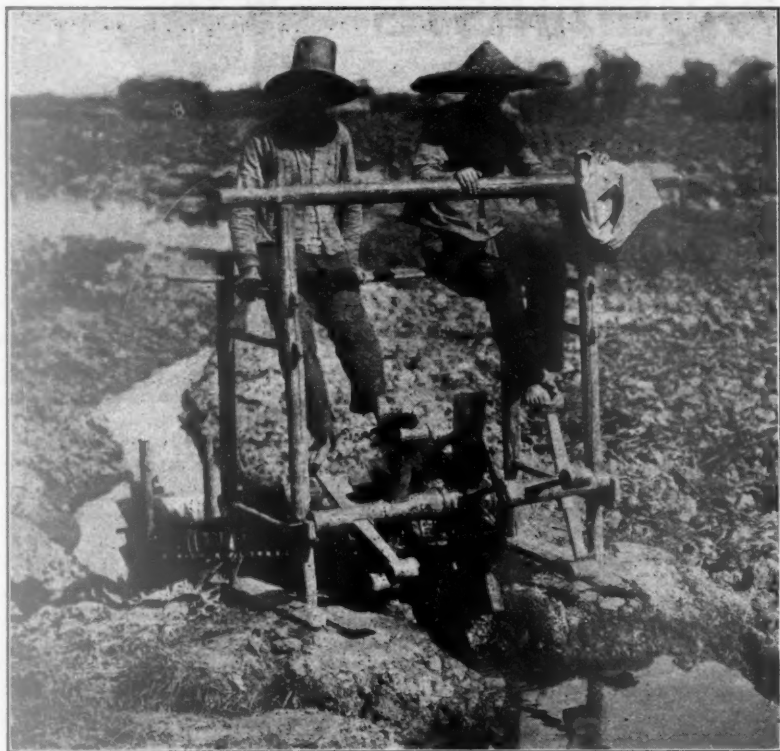
"Yes, Mr. Chang, we are visiting our hungry sheep. But where are your doors and windows, and where are the roofs of your houses?"

"The hungry wolf, Père Perrin, has come and eaten them all," he replied.

IT was easy to see that grim want was stalking through the village. A crowd of hungry, gaunt people soon gathered, clad in rags, and with the look of famished animals. It was a subdued and orderly group, however; no demonstration of suffering was made, and only dumb curiosity and wonder were shown. They had been a quiet, respectable people in their prosperity, and they were equally peaceful in their adversity. A few scrawny little hands tugged at the skirts of the Fathers' gowns, for the children remembered the sweetmeats that these friends always carried for them at other visits. The Fathers had not forgotten the little ones, and they were soon munching solemnly.



A Chinese Mountain Trail



Two Hunanese Farmers Raising Water by Foot-power.

Père Perrin turned again to Mr. Chang. "I see there are no pigs or dogs in sight. Are they all gone, and what are you living on?"

"The scum from the ponds and the bark from the trees will have to keep us until next harvest," was the reply.

THE kindly priest groaned, and drawing a purse from his gown, opened it and extracted a few Mexican dollars. "Take these, Mr. Chang, and buy food for the villagers and yourself. I wish it were twice as much, but it is all we have left from our last remittance. The next is not due for another month."

The Chinaman shook his head. "It's no use, Père Perrin, it's no use; there's no food to be bought nearer than the *Fu*, and we are too weak to walk there and carry supplies back. Our buffaloes are gone long ago."

Père Perrin sighed, but returned the purse to his pocket; he knew the man spoke truly, and that he must save his scanty store for those it could succor. He made a sorrowful farewell to the villagers, and raising his hand in blessing, turned and left them.

"My blessing was all that I could

give them," he said to Père Le Brun sadly, as they started on their homeward way.

It was noon when they left the Chang village, and they did not reach the *Fu* until late in the evening. They had taken no food, for there was none to buy. Hungry, therefore, and almost fainting, they stumbled along the deep ruts of the narrow roads, and it was with much relief that at last they saw the little twinkling lights of the distant city. When they reached their humble Chinese house, Père Perrin refused to eat.

"I fast to-night with my starving people," he replied to his faithful servant Lao Liu, when he urged the evening bowl of rice upon the exhausted Father.

After a few minutes' rest, Père Perrin quietly arose and went into the tiny chapel. All the long hours of that night he spent in prayer for the famished multitudes.

"I simply had to say my paternosters, for if ever my children need their daily bread it is today," explained Père Perrin as the two Fathers lingered a little longer than usual over their frugal breakfast.

While he was speaking Lao Liu entered and handed Père Perrin a

note, stating that it had just come by special messenger from Feng Ti Fu. Père Perrin opened the letter and read it aloud—the two old men had no secrets from each other. It ran as follows:

Feng Ti Fu.

My dear Pere Perrin,

Our friends in America have sent my colleagues and myself money for famine relief work; the American Red Cross Society has also put supplies at our disposal. On behalf of our station and the Famine Relief Committee, I am sending you five hundred dollars for use in your district; later I hope to increase the amount. You and I realize, Pere Perrin, that hunger knows no creed. With kindest regards for Pere Le Brun and yourself,

Sincerely yours,

PÈRE PERRIN laid the letter down and for a moment could not speak. Then he said, "The *bon Dieu* never forgets us, Père Le Brun; surely he has prompted this thought of the benevolent American doctor. I cannot help feeling that he must love our friend especially dearly, for he puts so many kind things into his heart to do. Do you remember that two years ago, when the doctor operated on my eyes, that he took me into his own house because there was no room in the hospital? And what tender care both he and his wife gave me! I have changed my mind a little about heretics since I knew them. It may be, Père Le Brun, that when at last we reach heaven's high gate the kind Americans will speak a word for us to good St. Peter."

There was little time for talk, however, with the ready money at hand and the poor dying at their doors. With all his gentle ways Père Perrin had a great deal of executive ability, and it did not take him long to lay out a campaign of relief measures.

"Père Le Brun, perhaps it would be better for you to go to Wuhu and oversee the work there. I will stay here and forward supplies to you as they come in; you can take two of the lay helpers with you. I shall live in the houseboat at present and be ready to receive the stores as soon as they come up the river; but before you go we must send a wheelbarrow of provisions to the Chang village. I cannot get those poor patient people off my mind."

Thus quickly was relief work under way, but before leaving for the

boat Père Perrin wrote the following letter:*

March 1st, 1911.

Dear Dr. Scott:

I thank you most heartily for your kind letter and your sympathy toward our poor Christians. Poor certainly they are, and in some districts the starving are the great majority. In one locality, for instance, where the ground is low and can hardly support the inhabitants in good years, the mortality has been very great and must still increase. Our work is now too extensive for our resources, and the laws passed against the church oblige our friends at home to start so many good works that the alms sent out to foreign missions are yearly decreasing. If difficult to balance the account in common years, what difficulty in a time of famine! And yet it is not this reason that prompts me to appreciate your kindness, when you cut out such a big part of your own funds to be able to help us. There are many pagans as destitute as our Christians, but you see in them people redeemed by the blood of our Savior, sons of the same Lord, future partakers, as I hope, of eternal bliss, and there united forever. What you are doing now is one of such deeds that must be known *ut videant opera vestra bone et glorificent Patrem vestrum qui in caelo est* (that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven). I trust it will lead some to a better view of things, and destroy some prejudice here on earth.

I will distribute your funds to the different districts, requesting our missionaries to have it served out to our Christians in your name and require them to pray at all our intentions, especially for you and the mission staff of your station.

I will do the same myself and beseech our Lord to supply me in granting his divine blessing. Believe me, dear doctor,

Yours most faithfully,

Perrin
F.

DURING the next few weeks Père Perrin hardly took time to eat; friendly officials promised to aid him, but he had to superintend everything to see that the people received their due portion and that none of it stuck to official fingers. Rumors began to reach him that illness had broken out in Feng Ti Fu, and that the people were dying like flies. At length a

Chinese came to him with a sad face and told him he had just had a letter from his brother in that city, saying that Dr. Scott and another missionary had been stricken and that the doctor's life was despaired of.

"It is strange, Père Perrin, but the people in the street who love him for his kind deeds are saying, 'He saved others, himself he cannot save.' They do not know that this was said of one other long ago."

"Nor do they know the power of prayer to our good God," replied Père Perrin firmly.

Immediately Père Perrin sent word to the priests at his chapels that masses should be said twice daily for his friend's recovery. He himself worked all day, and now that Père Le Brun was away no one knew how long were his night vigils on behalf of his people and the man who lay so ill. But his frail human frame could not stand the strain; one morning he awoke too giddy to arise, and lay there burning with fever. Lao Liu wished to send immediately for Père Le Brun but he was strictly forbidden to do so.

"Would you have all those people die whom he is trying to save? It is bad enough for me to give up; neither will I have him exposed to contagion. For the same reason you may not take me to the hospital at Feng Ti Fu; I will not endanger the lives of our friends there; we must worry through alone."

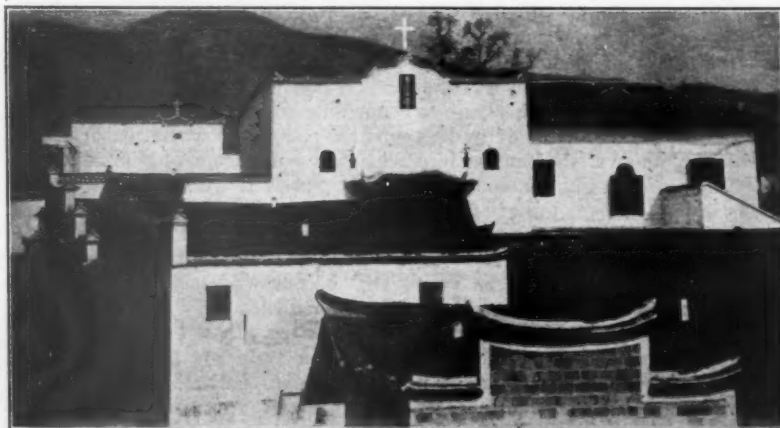
Unfortunately, Père Perrin's ideas of medicine and of the treatment of fevers had been brought with him from France fully fifty years before. He ordered Lao Liu to seal up the windows so that no breath of air should reach him, and to give him no water, no matter how much he

might plead for it. Under this régime he grew steadily worse and, finally, at the end of the week yielded to Lao's Liu's entreaties that the boat should sail up the river to Feng Ti Fu. Now nearly delirious, Père Perrin wrote a note to the hospital asking for shelter. His English was almost forgotten, and the letter written by fever-shaken fingers was so illegible that the Americans could not read it.

THE consequence was that when Lao Liu arrived with his loved master on a stretcher, they were not prepared for a patient. They all loved Père Perrin, and a vacant room was soon made ready, and the old priest was presently resting comfortably in a clean bed. His friend, Dr. Scott, had passed the crisis and was slowly coming back to the life which he thought that he had laid down forever. He was still too ill to attend Père Perrin, but the same skilful doctor and nurse who had saved him were eager to serve the saintly priest. Everything that human tenderness could do was done, but worn out with privations and long vigils, Père Perrin gradually sank. Père Le Brun was sent for and one glance at Père Perrin told him the story. He asked that he might administer the last rites of the church, and the sad office was soon performed. When the little service was over he still knelt beside his old comrade; the nurse standing near saw the sick man's lips moving, and she whispered to Père Le Brun, "Look, he is trying to speak."

But Père Le Brun shook his head and answered, "Père Perrin always prayed as he lived and he will die praying."

It was a beautiful May morning



The Mission at Chenki on the City's Busiest Street.

*This letter is an exact copy of a letter written by Pere Perrin, a Belgian priest, to an American doctor. Pere Perrin's own name has been retained in this volume as a tribute to his saintly character and to the unselfish service in which he gave his life.

when Père Perrin went to sleep. The gardens were full of the scent of flowers, and all the walks were edged with iris; the arches were covered with a little white climbing rose which the Chinese call the "Tree of Fragrance," and that looked like a filmy cloud against the blue background of the sky. The Mission group gave Père Perrin of the best they had, softly lining the rude coffin and casting over it a pall of purple cloth; on this they laid a cross of lavender iris.

"He deserves a monarch's colors," they told Père Le Brun, "though we doubt if any monarch was ever so greatly loved."

LATE that afternoon they bore him back to his own people. A little group gathered on the hospital steps to say farewell. They watched the sad procession go down the flowery path to the gate, and then lost sight of it for a few minutes as it passed through the city streets; but later they saw it take the narrow road

through the young budding wheat until the winding river was reached. Père Le Brun walked beside his friend as he had done for the last fifty years.

With tear-dimmed sight they turned to leave and found, standing behind them, the quiet, dignified figure of the Confucian teacher. "Ah, Ladies!" he exclaimed, "we Chinese find a proverb in our sacred Mencius: 'The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart'."

Let the Nations Hear!

A Chinese Christian Woman Appeals Against the Communists

By DR. IDA KAHN

THE earthquake catastrophe in Japan shook the world to its depths and elicited prompt sympathy from all the nations, and ere the last quake had trembled away, American gunboats were steaming into Yokohama bearing food and medical supplies in great abundance. Soon ten million dollars were poured into her lap and Japan had cause to remember that America was a friend indeed, because she was a friend in need.

A more portentous catastrophe is shaking China to her very foundations and the world is all unmoved, while all the sympathy that she gets is a lot of cynical criticisms in the press. Has the world gone mad? Aside from the humanitarian aspect of the case, does the world realize that the Red Peril in China constitutes the greatest menace to world peace since the dawn of history?

Here is the spectacle of a race, four hundred millions strong, who have survived through all the cycles of world history, simply because they were peace loving and law abiding. Into this mass of people is hurled the leaven of Communism by a hostile neighbor who does not hesitate to pour continuously millions of roubles out of her impoverished purse into the pockets of the Chinese communists, in order to foster the growth of this horrible blight. Never has such a terrible calamity struck such an innocent race. It is as if the very contents of hell were spewed out among our people. Murder, rape, looting, burning and the destruction of all property have gone on in a wholesale fashion in province after province, until all but a rim of the

country is affected by this virus, and yet the very rim is so contaminated that it is liable to blow off at any moment. Millions have lifted their voices to heaven crying for help and succor, only to be met with mute response, or the maddening query as to whether Communism was not a bogey, or an inflated scare-crow. Are

Doctor Ida Kahn, well known physician in Nanchang, Kiangsi province, is happy to have us reprint from the *China Weekly Review* this, her second urgent appeal, for help against the Communists in her country. Doctor Kahn received her medical training in America and in Europe. For years she has had a notable record in medical practise among her own people in China. This article is reproduced without subscription to any political opinion or programme, but as a record of actual conditions in a Communist-harassed area in China.

our sins so much greater than those of the rest of the world that it denies us even a modicum of sympathy and aid? Surely if we sink overwhelmed by this deadly virus it will spread elsewhere all around us, and eventually in the near future, the world will become infected also and will perish with us.

Think not that I am talking in hyperbole! In my province of Kiangsi alone, only three cities have escaped out of eighty-one county seats, and outside of the city limits,

these towns have had fighting carried on around them and much damage has been sustained. Many of these towns have been looted and burned several times, and thousands and thousands of people have been killed, while millions upon millions have been made homeless. In the end, the homeless people perish from want and disease in vast numbers so that those killed in reality mount up into the millions. In the city of Kian and the surrounding country alone, twenty-six thousand persons were killed. Even from a small town like Kin Teh Chen (not a county seat), where the famous porcelain kilns are situated, the loot carried away amounted to over a million dollars; while from Kian, the silver and gold gathered from repeated lootings from everywhere is said to have totalled forty millions. And the property losses can scarcely be computed.

WHAT makes it worse is that the damage to the property is not only transient but is more or less permanent. In places which are under the control of the Communists, as in Kin Teh Chen, all the deeds were burned. The landmarks to all the fields were obliterated and then three mou, or half an acre, of land was allotted to each family. Also three piculs of rice were given to each family. When the grain was used up, then the people who were left (those who had become Communists) were permitted to purchase more at the rate of one dollar for a picul. Who can raise grain at a dollar for two bushels, for that is what one picul comes to? This high-handed method of seizing property outrivals



The Christians at Wangstun at times have had to walk thirty or forty miles to Mass at Christmas and Easter. Now they have a resident pastor, Father Basil Bauer, C.P., who is here shown with some of his flock.

the imperialistic methods of the most imperialistic nation, for after this grain has been consumed, who will be able to furnish more at a rate so much below its intrinsic value.

IN other places where the Communists are not in complete possession, as in Shaho, near Kiukiang, they stick flags into the best fields waving with its ripened grain, and whosoever dares to reap that harvest, then he and his family are exterminated. So the poor farmers go into the city to ask redress from the magistrate but alas! he is powerless to aid them so the poor folks have to starve, while their fields are teeming with wealth.

Is this not a parallel case with Russia where the government is dumping wheat and other supplies into foreign countries at far below the market value, while their own people are starving for these same commodities?

And the pity of it is that many of the people are not in sympathy with these monsters but are compelled at the point of the sword to do their bidding. In Hwang Mei Hsien some of our friends had relatives living in the country. Some of them were caught and held for ransom (their common practice) while all those who remained were compelled to become Communists, for if they refused they were immediately killed. Some of

them managed to escape and joined their friends here.

As for the morale of our people, how it has fallen! Seventy-five per cent. of our farmers are said to be tenant farmers, and barely wrest a living from their land by dint of the most unremitting toil. For years the internecine warfare has piled taxes upon them until they could no longer fill their rice bowls. Now come these brothers telling them that the land is theirs and everything else too. Is it any wonder that many do join their ranks believing in the promises of these fraternal relatives? Those who do not join willingly are compelled to do so willy-nilly, and the results are the same. When the soldiers come to drive them away, there are no Communists to be seen. Only peaceful farmers are there tilling the soil and quiet artisans carrying on their trade. When the troops are gone, then up spring the bandits and the looting and pillaging go on as merrily as ever. Hence the famous slogan, "Ni lai, ngo ch'u; ni ch'u, ngo lai! If you come, I will go; but if you go, then I will come!" Can any troops run such illusive creatures to their covers? Never! No never! And the poor soldiers! Who can blame them entirely! Ill fed, ill clothed, and ill paid with wages many months in arrears, what condition of mind and body are they in to meet

these spirits so alert and subtle? One minute they drop upon you almost from the clouds and snatch your weapons away, and the next moment they have melted away like the dew and you cannot find any hide or hair of them. Is it any wonder that whole divisions of troops are surrounded and taken by these daring spirits who are usually far inferior in numbers and who are poorly armed?

AND those who refuse to submit? They are millions upon millions in number. They flee to all the corners of the earth. Minus friends and bereft of all their belongings, they perish in vast numbers. Some of them, even frail women, have walked until their feet gave out and then they have crawled on their knees until their knees were worn to their bones, in order to reach a place of safety. The tales of these refugees are countless and their courage is not less striking. Yet who thinks of them, or counts their loss? In America a benevolent government would have roused the world on their behalf. Even in Japan their cries would have reached the heavens and would have obtained immediate relief. But in our country cries and tears are of no avail. Even when I am trying to pen these feeble lines, my friends hold up their hands in holy horror

and cry. "How can you help in any way by what you say! Everything is useless! You will only suffer for what you do!" Yet, God willing, some of us are willing not to count the cost, for our Master did not do so. Our efforts may be vain but at least we have tried to do our utmost.

WHERE are the missionaries? Why are they not writing? Some of their preachers are clustered in the large cities after having passed through hair-breadth escapes from these same Communists. Yet they are not asking for help from their home constituencies. Still this is the very time to strengthen the forces of Christianity. True equality and true democracy can only come when the spirit of Christ is broadcast among the people and is manifested by them. The Americans have been the Samaritans of this generation. Will they not play the role for us too? Every war brings out the Red Cross to succor the needy, irrespective of race or clan. Yet one of the worst wars in history (there is no parallel in history) is here, for a monstrous race is devouring the innocent and peaceful people of our country by the millions, and the Red Cross does not budge an inch. Forsooth, because our government has not asked for help. Our wise and courageous leader, Chiang Kai-shek, and his thousands of followers have nearly killed themselves in trying to save our country

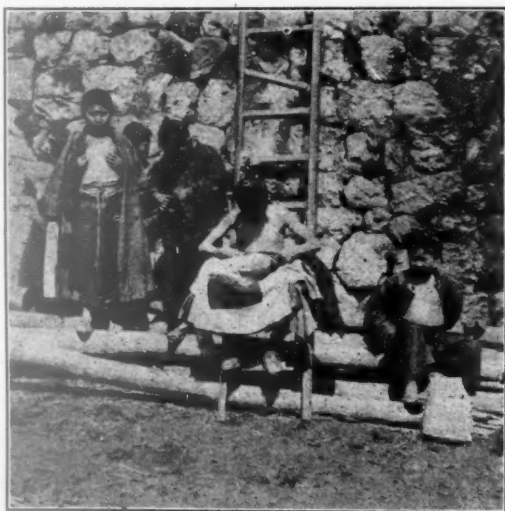
from the non-patriotic rebels. Now they are exhausted and are nearly at the end of their resources. Will not the Americans come to our aid without waiting for us to put up our hands for mercy. Away with loss of face! I would turn my face to be lost if thereby I may save the lives of my countrymen. America besought help from France in her need and France sent her Lafayette to assist America in her dire distress. And did France try to gain any land from America after she had succored her? A thousand times no! Let us have far less talk of extraterritoriality and more talk of cooperation. If all the concessions were deeded back to us at this very minute, would that help us to get rid of the Communists? Why these concessions are the very last haven of refuge for our wealthy refugees. Where would they go to if these were gone? Perhaps they would then go to Japan, for Dairen would not be large enough to hold everyone if Shanghai and some of the other places were rendered back to us. And let us remember that abolishing extraterritoriality with Russia did not prevent her from spilling a horde of her Communists into our country, and never will, so far as I can see.

In addition to sending us Trade Commissions, America, Canada, England, France and Germany, as well as the other countries, had better send us Cooperative Commissions.

These might be made up of all kinds of experts, clerical, educational, military, navy, aeronautical, medical, chemical, engineering, agricultural and executive. Men and women of all kinds who will lead us to wage a warfare against the Communists until there is not one left in China. If we do not exterminate them, then they will exterminate us. The Rockefeller Foundation would add to its quota of good works if they would help us to get rid of these pests.

SEND us thousands of units of service, as they were sent to Europe during the World War, and strengthen the forces of Christianity along all lines. Then the people will know real brotherly equality and real genuine democracy, and by sharing the burdens of one another in a real Christian fashion, we will convert the Communists and take away the props from their propaganda. For who will murder, kill, loot, and burn when one has a full stomach and the wherewithal to fill the stomach of all one's brothers and sisters?

Then the Chinese would consume more products than the foreign countries can produce. Almost every servant that I see, whether man or woman, wears a pair of rubber shoes when it rains, and if that keeps up, then there ought never to be a slump in the rubber market. The same applies to woolen sweaters. Some of our people wear so many that



Hunan boys taking sun bath.



Fathers Anthony and Antoine at Chenki.

surely the cotton market must suffer. The choicest large tin of American grapes cost only one dollar and forty cents, while a Chinese pound of fresh grapes costs \$1.60.

So I plead for cooperation and a

Samaritan hand from all our friends. Only in that way can the Red Peril in China not prove to become a menace to world peace. For one-fourth of the human race cannot fall without harm to the rest of mankind. And

in saving us, the nations will be saving themselves, for we will be giving them work for their unemployed. And in bearing one another's burdens we will be fulfilling the law of Christ, which alone can bring world peace.

A Heroine of Hunan

"Who Shared Christ's Thirst"

By ANTHONY MALONEY, C.P.

IN September, 1926, a pioneer band of the Sisters of St. Joseph sailed from the busy port of San Francisco. They turned expectant faces towards China with its unnumbered millions awaiting the light of Faith. They loved their own native land, but their love of God was even stronger; and they set forth on their great adventure prepared to make every sacrifice. On their arrival in Shanghai they learned of the hardships that would be theirs over the long miles and dangerous route they must travel to the Passionist prefecture of northern Hunan in the heart of China. But they little guessed, even from the many rumors then abroad in Shanghai, of all that lay before them. Above all, they did not dream that one of them, Sister Clarissa Stadtmiller, was soon to die far off in the remote province of Szechuan.

After countless dangers, difficulties and disappointments these Sisters, minus one of their number who returned with broken health to America, arrived at their destination, the Catholic mission of Yuanchow, Hunan. They were the first Sisters ever to have visited that part of China. All the delays and sufferings of their journey were forgotten in the joy of settling in their new home. Heartened by the warm reception given them by the Christians, the Sisters immediately began work in their school and dispensary. They planned to do much for the people of Yuanchow.

However, that was a fateful year for the Church in China. Nationalist China, eager to take its rightful place in the family of nations, had enlisted the aid of Soviet Russia. Russia, only too willing to avail herself of the opportunity to spread her doctrines, sent money, leaders and propagandists to aid the case of the Chinese Kuomintang, or Revolutionists. The

Spring of 1926 witnessed the beginning of the now historic march of the Kuomintang forces, from Canton to Peking. Always in advance of the victorious armies, went other even more effective armies of propagandists. China was literally covered with slogans, announcing the arrival of the millenium under the aegis of



In the Miao District.

Communism. The dorman fires of anti-foreign feeling were fanned anew; Christianity was denounced as responsible for many of China's ills. The results of all this agitation were soon apparent. Missions and missionaries came under fire. In many places, Priests and Sisters had to leave for the safety of the sea-ports, to return to their posts only after the storm had blown over. In north-

west Hunan, the territory entrusted to the Passionists, signs of the coming storm began to appear the latter part of 1926. Hoping against hope, all who could, remained at their posts till it was too late to flee by the easier route down river to Hankow. That would mean passing through Changteh, then a very maelstrom of hatred for foreigners. Their only way to a probable safety was to take a heart-breaking trip through the mountains of Kweichow.

On April 17, 1927, just a few months after their arrival in Yuanchow, the Sisters of St. Joseph started their weary trek into exile. The first stage of their journey was by boat. They sat in a cramped space, covered with a bamboo mat; only in the center of the boat could they sit erect. Light and air came only through the open ends of the bamboo covering, and these hardly served to carry off the smoke when the crew prepared a meal. For several days the Sisters were in the gravest peril, since the Communists of the city they had left were demanding of the General that he bring back the Sisters.

FREE to go, the Sisters took chairs for the rest of their long trip. Picture a small stool slung between two poles, a ragged hood overhead to keep out the worst of the rain and sun, put a couple of ragged coolies between the poles, and you are ready for a ride in a sedan chair. The Sisters travelled in all manner of weather, and over all sorts of paths, to spend, at the end of each day of jerking and jolting, a night in a Chinese inn. Here there was dirt, and noise and utter lack of privacy. Such were the conditions under which they travelled. A week by boat, and another five days by chair brought them to Lao Hwang Ping, a city in Kweichow. Here they remained a while

in the mission of the French Fathers.

Sister Clarissa's health, never over-strong, now began to show the effects of the hardships endured. In view of the uncertain conditions in Hunan, it was decided that the Sisters should continue their travelling to Shanghai. The latter part of June they began their Via Dolorosa, the long trip to Chungking in Szechuan province, where they could take a river steamer to Shanghai. Torrential rains alternated with frightful heat. Mountains high enough to challenge the endurance of professional Alpinists, total lack of drinking water—these were a few of the major trials of that journey. Fifteen weary days of this. Sister Clarissa, too weak to leave her chair, suffered untold agonies. A sick person rolls and tosses in bed as some relief to pain. Even that slight relief was denied the Sister as she must perforce remain always in the same position.

A THIRST for souls had made this good Sister brave every danger and make every sacrifice. Just as this thirst was about to be satisfied, just as she was about to taste the joy of bringing Chinese souls to God, the Red Terror came to Hunan. Like the dashing of a cup of refreshing water from parched lips was the order that forced her to exile herself from the souls she longed to save. Now she was to know also the agony of physical thirst. Burning with fever, without even tepid water to relieve her thirst; what pen can describe her suffering! Deeply etched in my memory is one particular instance. Just after crossing the Szechuan border, there was a very high mountain to be crossed. For hours the coolies sweated and panted their way up that mountain, carrying the chairs with their human freight. The blazing tropical sun seemed to eat through one's very being. Every rock was an oven. Heat, blistering heat, was everywhere. When the peak was finally reached and the coolies stopped for a rest, Sister Clarissa pleaded for a little water, if nothing more than to moisten her lips. In-sipid, lukewarm tea, was all that could be had! Truly in that hour did she resemble her Crucified Master who was given gall and vinegar as His drink!

The last five days of that terrible journey, the poor Sister was hardly more than conscious, always suffering but never once complaining. Coming into a market town one noon, her

chair carriers jostled some of the townspeople; rough hands were laid on the Sister prepared to do violence, had not a friend intervened. The last day's travel into Chungking, starting at 4:30 A.M., the hiring of several shifts of carriers, the unbearable heat,

alone knows the depths of pain and suffering plumbed by Sister Clarissa on that day. To all queries as to how she felt, she would only smilingly answer that "she was all right"; her pain-wracked countenance giving the lie to her words.

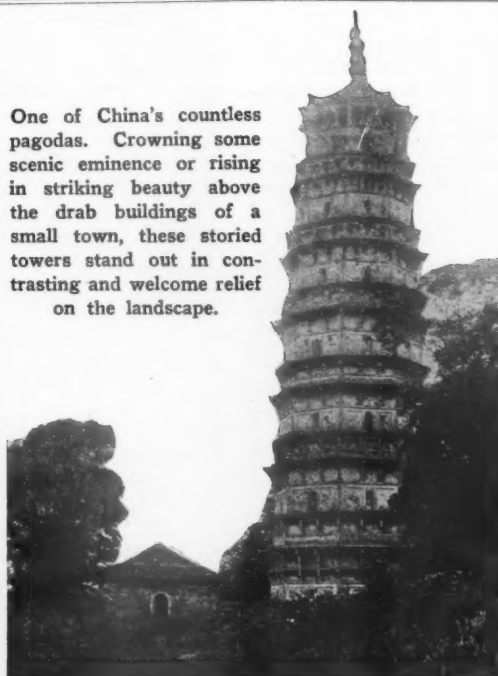
Arrival at Chungking, with its hospital facilities, gave fresh hope that the Sister might get well. For some days she showed improvement and then there came a turn for the worse. For days she tossed in delirium, even then not complaining, till God in His Mercy, called home her pure soul to receive the reward she had so richly merited. Asked by the priest who attended her whether she were willing to give her life for the Prefecture of Shenchow, her answer was: "Willingly and gladly." Shortly before midnight, July 21, 1927, far from her native land, far too from her adopted home, Yuan-chow, she passed to her reward. There too, she lies buried among strangers, awaiting the trumpet call of the final day. Our loss was Heaven's gain. Words indeed are pitifully inadequate; though the writing of these few pages has been a labor of love, I am vividly conscious that I have said very little—as easy to paint the lily as to do justice to this heroine of God. May her memory be ever cherished!

EDITOR'S NOTE

On more than one occasion we have said that while conditions here in America are bad, conditions in China are almost infinitely worse. We ask all our readers to pray for our missionary priests and nuns. May those whom God has blessed with this world's goods also give some of their means to our devoted missionaries and their poor people. God will not be outdone in generosity and will abundantly reward those who give to the needy and further His Kingdom.

the wracking pain of riding in a chair all through the interminable hours of that July day, the crossing of the treacherous Yangtze after nightfall: such were the highlights of that hectic day, ending only at 10 P.M. when the haven of the Catholic Mission at Chungking was reached. God

One of China's countless pagodas. Crowning some scenic eminence or rising in striking beauty above the drab buildings of a small town, these storied towers stand out in contrasting and welcome relief on the landscape.



Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHODS: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

THE REWARD: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses Said	61
Masses Heard	114,259
Holy Communions	21,045
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	52,730
Spiritual Communions	133,299
Benediction Services	13,562
Sacrifices, Sufferings	71,720
Stations of the Cross	11,215
Visits to the Crucifix	46,668
Beads of the Five Wounds	36,840
Offerings of Precious Blood	171,350
Visits to Our Lady	46,839
Rosaries	31,170
Beads of the Seven Dolors	6,392
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,256,468
Hours of Study, Reading	38,267
Hours of Labor	25,172
Acts of Kindness, Charity	35,791
Acts of Zeal	53,527
Prayers, Devotions	723,678
Hours of Silence	194,482
Various Works	82,239
Holy Hours	53

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. FR. PLAYER
REV. P. M. MONAGHAN
REV. M. A. LAMBING
REV. W. F. HARTIGAN
SR. ELIZABETH O'CONNOR
SR. MARY MORRISSEY
JOHN R. CAMPBELL
MARY E. FLYNN
WILLIAM H. CAREY
MARY E. HOGAN
MARY C. CROWLEY
GERTRUDE WRIGHT
JOSEPH E. ZIMMERMAN
MRS. T. F. O'CONNELL
MR. A. VAUGHAN
JOSEPH BRACKEN
RICHARD DOOLEY
ELLEN GAUGHAN
JANE T. THORNE
JOSEPHINE CASHIN
MARY A. LOGAN
ANNA M. GLEASON
KATE GILDUFF
MARGARET HEFFRON
RITA McCORMACK

ANNA SCULLY
ELLA FITZPATRICK
MRS. SCHILLING
DANIEL O'SULLIVAN
JAMES T. COLLINS
MINNIE F. RICKER
ANNA L. KAVNEY
BRIDGET T. HARKINS
MICHAEL M. HEALY
JOSEPH P. COUGHLIN
MARGRET L. FLYNN
MILLY DUNLAY
THOMAS F. DOLAN
JOSEPH RYAN
PATRICK LIDDY
MRS. DANIEL LYNCH
MRS. J. FITZPATRICK
C. F. SAMSON
MARY A. EATON
ROSE A. DOYLE
MARY SULLIVAN
MICHAEL J. MANION
DR. THOMAS J. MCGOVERN
MR. E. F. EDWARDS
MR. WILLIS
MRS. BORGMANN
BRIDGET T. SULLIVAN
MRS. HENRY KOENIG
DELIA HORGAN
ROSE A. DOYLE
MICHAEL MURPHY
JOHN NEE
AGNES FASSETT
JAMES McCLAFFERTY

FRANK MCGINLEY
MRS. J. E. McNAMARA
THOMAS J. MARA
LILLIAN MASTERSON
MARGARET FAHERTY
MARY DAVIS
JAMES GRANTON
W. J. MILES
JOHN DONOVAN
EMMA L. LARKIN
JOSEPH PIDGEON
JAMES JENNINGS
WILLIAM FRANCIS FLYNN
JOHN GARRIGAN
JAMES E. DUFFY
MARY TRISCHLER
WILLIAM H. BERRY
JOHN A. MURPHY
MRS. HOROHOE
CHARLES McGRATH
THOMAS McCORMACK
MICHAEL E. RYAN
DORA MURPHY
MICHAEL LEARY
BARBARA SCHECKER
MARY JANE TULLY
MRS. FRANK POSSELOT
JAMES M. KENT
GERTRUDE REGAN
MRS. JOHN P. WHITE
JAMES CUNNINGHAM
DENNIS O'CALLAGHAN
WILLIAM A. CURRAN
CHARLES EDW. MCCARTHY
RICHARD J. CURTIS

FREDERICK P. MEYER
THOMAS SULLIVAN
FRANCIS E. TROUTNER
JOHN DALY
THOMAS F. BRANNAN
MR. DU FRESNE
MARY ROGERS
MARGARET MORRISON
ANNA O'FARRELL
MRS. JOHN J. HUGHES
MRS. WM. M. TOMPKINS
HENRY M. SCHLOSSER
A. J. SWANSON
MRS. P. T. CRONIN
MRS. PATRICK BURNS
MARY BULLEN
MR. SUMNER
JOSEPH PASCALE
MARGARET M. STENSON
MR. MURTO
ELLA C. FLITSCH
EUGENE RANDEL
FRANCIS T. CLARK
NELLIE WEST
JOHN CUNNINGHAM
ELEANOR R. COX

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of, 19

Signed
Witness
Witness
Witness

Painless Giving

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
 THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1 **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

MISSION NEEDS

2 **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3 **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

YOUR LAST WILL

Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

Get a Life Income
Help Christ's Cause

You can't take it with you!



Will you hoard or spend it!

Give it away or make a Will!

6 to 9%

Why not buy Life Annuities?

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **Permanence:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **Abundant Yield:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **Security:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **Freedom from Worry:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **Economy:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **Steady Income:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **Contribution to the Cause of Christ:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For further information write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
Care of THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

